

WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 46.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1909.

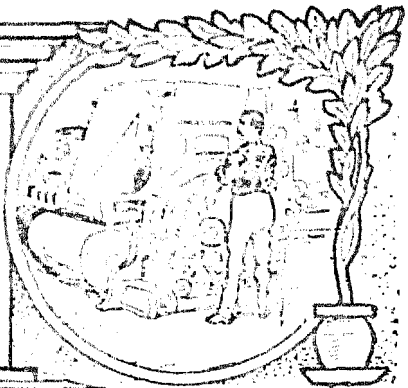
THOMAS E. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Have You Sought and Found It Yet? Time Is Passing By. Don't Delay.



1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

It's the Biggest Clock.

So the Father's Son.

The tower on the Manhattan life insurance building, New York City, will be ready soon to take the clock installed in it. The clock will be the largest in the world. The hands of the clock are being sent down to the building of a clock company at Grand and Washington Avenues, Brooklyn.

There are so few that in making a revolution they pass three stories in the building and when one of them is passing a window, the other is completed. Shut off making the room within so dark that the employees are forced to quit work. The hands are made of manganese and bronze and are of bridge truss construction. They weigh close to 1,000 pounds. The shafts are of iron, the center pin to the tip is 14 feet and this is connected with the counterpoise of the

Special Prayer: "Oh Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, and especially need Thy grace and presence at this time."

Sunday, August 20th - Warnings of
 Flood. 1 Kings xiv 1-11; xiv 1-4

Monday, August 21st - (That day Son
 of Kings xiv 1-11)

Tuesday, August 22nd - Mourning
 for Joseph. 1 Kings xiv 21-31; xv
 1-11

Wednesday, August 23rd - Warnings
 for Hiram. 1 Kings xiv 21-31; xv
 1-11

Thursday, September 2nd - Trustful
 Warning. 1 Chron xiv 1-11; xvii
 1-11

Friday, September 3rd - Bad to
 Achan. 1 Kings xv 23-31; xvi 6-31

Saturday, September 4th - Sounding
 the Alarm. 1 Kings xvi 1-11.

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THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

There are many mysteries in the

[illegible]

New Bedford's Early Days.

The Story of a Drunkard's Conversion.

One of the first human wrecks that The Salvation Army got hold of in this city and helped to regenerate was about as pitiable a looking object as one could ever find, when he came into The Army meeting. As he told the story afterward, he had gone home that afternoon to work off the effects of a post-sized "drunk." So that when he got himself together again, he would not so out for more, now, as he had taken away his hat and laid it, but that did not hinder him in his search for something to quench his appetite. He found her headless—a large pillar with roses on each side—and with this on his head he staggered forth. In the course of his travels he had been thrown or dropped into the muddy gutter, and got a good coating of mud. Later, he had entered a barroom and had somehow managed to roll around on the floor in such a way that his clothing was covered with a layer of sawdust or top of the casing of axes.

It was such a looking object as this that entered The Salvation Army house that evening as the service was being held. When the time for testimonies came around, he saw one of his old friends get up on his feet and give the testimony as to the power of religion.

"Sister Bob!" said the new-comer, "are you sure and are telling it straight?"

"What's that I mean, said the man in the hat, 'I mean I say.'"

"What's that I mean I'll give it a chance with you," the drunkard replied, and he was returned to the street by the police.

Minot's Best

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 2. *Scirpus*
 3. *Spartina*
 4. *Distichlis*
 5. *Eleocharis*
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The first of the halls of embalming is the largest, and is called the repository of the "royal mummies." The bodies of the kings and queens of the Egyptian dynasties of the New Kingdom are here deposited. In the present British Museum, at Thebes, for example, the most wonderful thing is the chamber of the pharaohs. Here they lie in their coffins, a shining circle of dead Pharaohs, the conquerors, tyrants, and builders of the old world. Here is Seti I., who may have been the Pharaoh whose daughter drew Moses out of the river; here is Ramesses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, in whose hard and cruel face Moses must often have looked. The bodies are hardened into the consistency of wood, but every feature is perfect; hair and nails, even, are undestroyed. The faces are not of the Celtic type; they are thin, intellectual, ascetic, with the characters of rule still written upon them.

Their wives and priests lie about them, and there mighty Pharaohs are simply bodies to be spared at. The tourists can look on the face of a dead king who was not only the master of life and death to millions nearly four thousand years ago, but who fills a place in the pages of the Bible. If Machpelah is explored, what discoveries are not possible! If the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Jacob are embalmed, they will be found unchanged, after the passage of long centuries. The body of Joseph lies in that cave, and it was certainly embalmed and will be as imperishable as that of Sesi I. or Ramses II.

—New Zealand Cry.

Unbelief.

False Notions of Some Persons.

Unbelief, or, at least, profession of unbelief, is very often nothing but a transmutation of that quality which

world. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous as my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head; and eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, very strange. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn. My monument is only above the foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting for ever. The desire for the infinite proves infinity."

There is considerable too much rain upon earth
reported.

The young man thinks it will make people consider him a cut above the ordinary in intellect if he fails largely of dazzling revelation; he may even think himself that he is if he does so. The great fault of somebody's pronouncements the more high-sounding the philosophy in which they are expressed the better, because the circle of men to whom they will be less likely to reach, what he is talking about, and to ask him awkward questions concerning them, if not thereby the more impressed. Thus equipped, he poses as a free and independent thinker, who could put the universe right if he had the chance.

Such persons are the least likely to be affected by argument. The mind, are closer to it. They have taken in all the philosophy they want—or have room for—and the question of change of opinion is a closed one for the time being. Their condition is not open to remedy by way of attacking their so-called "views"; the only hope is to humble the pride which is behind, to reach the heart with conviction of sin, or the mind with a sense of helplessness, which latter is seen to be effectively enough done when any calamity overtakes, or threatens to overtake, them.—South African Cry.

There is a sufficient recompense in the very consciousness of a noble deed.—Chicero.

WANTED FOR THE KID'S SERVICE

Young Men and Women.

A number of consecrated young men and women are wanted for the next Session of Training, which commences September 16th. If you have not yet sent in your Application for Officership, do it to-day. Write your D. O., P. O., or to
LIEUT. COLONEL SOUTHALL,
 S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Is not that a beautiful thought—a thought which meets a response in all our hearts.

I will give a brief excerpt from Cato, on Immortality, which is rich in confidence and faith:—

"It must be so—Plato, then, reasonest well!

Else when this pleasing hope, this
fond desire:

This longing after 'immortality'?
Or whence this secret dread and in-

ward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks

Back on herself, and startles at de-

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us.

And intimates eternity to man.

The stars shall fade away, the sun

Grow dim with age, and Nature shrink

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth.

Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the

The wreck of matter, and the crash
of worlds.



(Read by Mrs Booth at the Twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism, held in London last month.)

It has been said in England that a slave is not a slave who obeys, but one who is without choice and drops out of respect, and the method of education of the slave under the influence of the sacred Bible and the master who at that time is not a stranger to the husband is generally compelled to be drawn upon him. The husband and father whose children were at first the husband's wife is compelled at last to think of her only as the servant or slave of another master. The children grow up to see only too plainly how the best and purest side of their parents' character is ignored and stained by the influences of this "house and power, until present and respect, either for their word or their personalities is gone. Who can estimate the own consequences of this loss of respect? Who can see how far it is responsible for the much of disorderliness, insubordination, anarchy, and kindred evils around it?

We really believe that many a Revolutionary spirit needs a reckless criminal man or woman, took the first steps on the way to ruin under the influence of a home in which strong drink had already undermined all that racial dignity and natural goodness which should have been a strong bulwark against those very evils.

Injurious to the Children.

4. Alcohol tends to weaken and ultimately overthrow the authority of the family, to the great injury of the children.

Discipline is a part of life. Without it the world would be a chaos of disorder, if not a Hell of despair. The discipline which the world gives is based on the operation of unchanging law. If we are to produce men and women who will work in harmony with that law, and who will obtain by such work results leading to their own peace and the wellbeing of others, they must be trained in the acceptance, and, as far as may be, in the appreciation, of the discipline adapted to their early years. The father, the mother, are to command their children before God, the simple rules of Home are to represent the parents' mind, and the penalties attached to their neglect, the measure of the parents' condemnation for their breach; all this is to exert authority and to train in its acceptance, so that by and by the young citizens may descend into the world's arena possessed by the steady purpose of resolute men, but ready, while seeking freedom for themselves, to observe the laws of equal freedom for others.

But how can such training be possible if the father—or, more dreadful still, the mother—is seen to be a self-indulgent habitue of the dram-shop or worse? Still, it is known to be quite drinking the poison on the spot. The young people instinctively lose their natural respect for such a father. His word ceases to be anything to them. His law loses its claim upon them. His punishments are transformed into brutal injustices in their eyes. Little by little, and more and more, this richness that was the beginning of wisdom in them, is destroyed, and in their turn again they are transformed into neglectful and despisers of all authority. The father, who ought to have been the emblem of all lawful power to these—our representative of God Himself—is hereon as but a chip of wood on the waters of a sensual life. Perhaps in nothing is the evil effect of the use of intoxicants fraught with more gravity for the future than in this. Here is the degradation and destruction at its very source, of that lawful and natural authority without the recognition of which the human home would be little better than a habitation of wild beasts.

Self-Indulgence and Impurity.

5. Alcohol opens the door of the House to the most vicious forms of extravagance and impurity.

"Leave the door open," says the old adage, "and the devil will enter." Who can doubt that it is so here? The flame is a rather low humble candle, and it is the sheltered light of innocence, the temple of love for one woman by one man, and the land in which appear to be subjected to reason and controlled by affection. And only let alcohol enter there, and the door is, ever when, open for all that represents the unbridled passions of unrestrained desire, and of purity.

Strong drink inclines appetite, changes the sweetest love of earth into lust which being denied becomes hate and carries men away into fire and

3. Alcohol humbles and only too often destroys the natural dignity and prestige of Home and of family life.

One of the highest practical as well as ethical advantages of a good Home to all—but particularly to the young people who live there—is to awaken and cultivate respect and esteem for human life and character. It is there that the future citizen learns how great a thing a human soul is,

An Adjutant's Courtesy

How He Befriended a Young German Mother who was Travelling with a Fretful Baby.



Then Up and Down the Aisle He Paced.

IT was on the West-bound train of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, somewhere between Winnipeg and the City of Moose Jaw, that a strong, lusty baby first set up a series of infantine howls and crying. The travellers were aroused, testy and frowning, for it was far into the night.

"I'd give a dollar to have my way with that youngster for about ten minutes," growled a man with drink-sodden features.

A young woman, with no marks of domestic concern, remarked petulantly, "I don't see why people can't travel on a train without having a herd of young ones with them."

Indeed, the whole car, with one exception, had put on an air of annoyance and discomfort. The one exception—a Salvation Army Adjutant—who had been quietly reading, left his seat and went to the back of the car. He had children of his own, living and dead, and had seen something of the "lights and shadows" of life. His face was aglow with the warmth of his heart. What he saw at the back of the car touched him.

In a corner, a young German mother, tired out, stood with a lusty baby in her arms, patting, coaxing, and trying to pacify him. A little girl lay sleeping on the cushioned seat near her. There was a large wicker basket, a carpet bag, and a large roll with a shawl strap. Poor mother, she was so pale and weary. Yet not concerned so much for herself, as for the annoyance of the passengers.

The Army Officer gently spoke to her. "The little fellow is nervous and fighting sleep," he said, "and hardly knows what is the matter with him. Let me take him for a little while."

Suiting the action to the words, he took the child almost forcibly out of her arms. She clinging the while and saying: "Oh, sir, heem cry mooch eef you taka heem."

"I guess not," said the Officer with a smile. "He can't more than cry anyway, and he's doing that now."

Then up and down the aisle he paced, saying to the child in a low, soothing voice, "Now, I've got you, little fellow, and we're going to let mamma rest, and you are going to sleep right away. Don't you see how all the folks are mad at you?" Each time he came back to where the mother sat, she rose to take the child, and each time he motioned her to sit down. His venture changed the temper of the whole car, and passengers glanced at him and grinned and jested.

Said the jolly drummer, "You've been there before, I guess, old fellow. Got a round dozen of your own?" "Good thing to keep your hand in practice," said a motherly-looking woman, to her nearest friend, "That Salvation man has some feeling for a woman, anyway. He's the sort that would make a wife happy, I know."

Meanwhile the little chap had ceased his crying and sunk into a sound sleep. Once more signalling the mother not to disturb herself, the Officer slipped into a seat just across from her with the little fellow cuddled on his knee. His friendly manner had won her confidence, and while the train sped on, she told him the cause of her journey. A few years before, her husband, Fritz, after whom the little one was named, had come to Cape Breton from Germany. She was his girl sweetheart, left behind to wait till the time when he could send for her. Two years sped by, and then she bade farewell to her people to become a bride away over the sea. The voyage was without mishap. The meeting and marriage a great joy, and all went well, until through sickness, her husband lost his employment. Trusting to better their circumstances, they decided, like many more, to go West. She remained in Cape Breton with the children, keeping a couple of humble boarders, while he went ahead to find work, and a place in which to live. It had been a long struggle, for almost four despairing months, and she had worked and waited.

"Fritz," she said, "het a vera hardt time gitten work. It would be von tay, mebbe two tays, and den no more as much as a week. Und he yust nearly die mit the heart-sick. But, now, he haf got von goot place, und shteady vork, aund ve are to haf a home vonce more. It's your months already since he vent to the Moose Jaw City, und he's yust grazzy to see Gretzy und baby Fritz."

Dear, careworn little mother, too modest to speak of Fritz's love for her, and the hunger of her own heart to see him. During the talk her whole soul had shown itself in her face.

Knowing that she wanted to talk of her husband, and deeply interested in her story, the Officer remarked in a jesting way, "Do you think that Fritz will care to see you when you reach your journey's end?"

"Vill he! vil he! Vell, I should tink! He'll yust be counting the meenutes." And she laughed with hysterical joy, wiping the tears from her eyes at the same time.

"Fritz is a goot man," she went on, "eef efer dere vas one. He nefer drunk, nor leafe me at night, nor swear, nor git mad in hees life. Mine own faldar could not be better than Fritz."

"He's yust pe valting all night at the b'ace for me, und eef nodings happen, me und the skildren vill pe mit heem in less than your hours." Her tears flowed afresh at the thought of meeting him whom she loved.

Coming back to practical matters, the Officer said, glancing at the sleeping little ones, and the baggage, "Who is going to help you off the train with all this baggage and the little ones?"

"Oh, Fritz, mine husband, vill pe dere."

The train was very near Moose Jaw. The conductor was making his way through to see that all were awake. The passengers were making ready to leave the train. Many of them were on their feet. The city still lay sombre, under the pall of night. The little mother was waking little Gretchen, and trying to pin on her wrap, but she trembled so, and her heart was in such a flutter that she could hardly get it done. Another minute and the great train was at a stand-still at the depot. The Officer held back his charge until the crowd had hurried past, and then led the way. When they were down from the steps the Officer took the lusty boy, now waking, in his arms, and his own grip, and the great heavy roll in the other hand, while the little mother carried the bag and willow basket. The little girl, hardly half awake, clung to the handle of the basket, the mother cheering her with, "Here ees the Moose Jaw now, und the station, Und papa ees right here."

Standing under the archway through which the crowd was thronging from the train, was a smart, manly-looking young German. He was neat, and clean-shaven. With his dear ones on the night train, he had not thought of sleep. His eager eyes were scanning the stream of travellers that came past him. His anxiety was pathetic. His features were pallid and drawn with the night of anxious waiting. When the straggling end of the procession was passing under the archway, and he could not see those he sought for, his heart seemed to sink within him. When lo! along came The Army Officer with little Fritz awake in his arms, the heavy luggage lumbering at his side; behind him, with her load, and the drowsy little Gretchen clinging to the basket, came the weary little mother, all the way from Cape Breton.

For an instant the young man stood transfixed, and then springing forward, he uttered such a note of joy that will not soon be forgotten by those present. And the embrace. It was too tender, too holy for the curious; too sacred for the eyes of the stranger. That meeting was a sight for angels.

The Officer, for the instant forgotten, put down the baggage, placed the little one beside his sister, and hurried away. He had not gone far, however, when a hand, still trembling with emotion and excitement, stopped him.

"Oh, sir" mine vife—m'ne vife she say you vas—so vera goot to her und mine shilren. Me do so tank you. Me do so luff you. Tank you. Tank you."

Here was humble manliness and gratitude.

"All right brother; all right!" exclaimed the Officer. "God bless you, and your good wife and the children."

There was a radiance on the young man's face of joy and gratitude, that was blessedness. It is a good God that hath created the ties of love and home and hearthstone.—Charles W. McGee.

the very purpose of rooting the young trees planted there in all that is true and honourable and brave and pure. That it is by Divine appointment intended to be the great school of morals—that there should meet the tenderest influences of earthly affection and the first revelation of the love of God, both, alike, inspiring to a life of labour for others.

Alcohol is the foe of all those sacred things. Its use weakens the ability to discern between that which is evil and that which is good. It emboldens men to neglect God. It sets up false standards of duty and ambition, standards, that is, which are warped and dwarfed by the claims of indulgence. Alcohol confuses conscience until it calls right wrong and wrong right. It exalts present advantage and dulls the power of noble ambition. In short, alcohol is the handmaid of the life of sense, of fleshly gratification, of passion, to the refusal of the higher life of self-respect, of self-denial, and of sacrifice.

Once the drink habit is entrenched in the Home, all those baneful antagonisms manifest themselves in a thousand ways. The children feel them; the grown youths and maidens suffer from them; the visitors and friends, the servants and attendants—if such there be—do not escape their influences, and the heads of the family receive back a further dreadful impetus on the way to moral and spiritual atrophy and death. The Home so degraded, instead of a nursery of moral beauty and of spiritual life, becomes little more than a charnel-house of dead or dying souls.

For the reasons here briefly referred to, we of The Salvation Army, say that strong drink ought to be banished from the Home, from the Church—which is the earthly home of the family of Christ—and from the use of all civilised peoples. And on these grounds, we have, in God's name, already and for ever banished the accursed thing from our borders.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



The King's Recent Guest at Cowes—The Czar of Russia, Nicholas II.

Great Imperial Army.

During the latter part of July, an Imperial Conference was held at the Foreign Office in London, England, the outcome of which is to be one great Imperial British army, uniformly trained and equipped. In general terms the plan provides that all troops of self-governing colonies shall undergo precisely the same training as the home regulars in order to be ready to take their places beside the latter whenever and wherever the necessity may arise. Military training colleges along the line of the staff college at Sandhurst are to be established in the various dominions, and in each of them a corps of officers, and change of officers from all parts of the Empire so as to ensure absolute uniformity of organization and training.

In a recent speech outlining the probable strength of the army of the empire, Mr. Haldane, the Secretary for War, estimated that the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could furnish a total of forty-six divisions. This is equivalent to twenty-three army corps, which is the strength of the German army.

Railway Up Mont Blanc.

The first section of the Mont Blanc electric railway is open, and people are now able to ascend to Col Voza, 5495 feet high, without any greater effort than is required to take a seat in a comfortable car. The first train up took an hour to accomplish the journey, of about four and a half miles. There are no tunnels, and the steepest grade is twenty feet in the hundred. Some magnificent views of Alpine scenery can be had from the cars.

Troubled Persia.

The new Persian Government is having many troubles. The cities of Kuchkan and Shiraz and several of the nomad tribes refuse to recognize it, a brother of the deposed Shah, at the head of a tribe of Kurds, is marching on Teheran, an uncle of the late ruler has managed to purchase permission to visit the capital once more before his final banishment, and the poor little twelve-year-old Shah, in mere childish terror over the coming separation from his parents, is said to have tried to commit suicide.

Japan and China.

In spite of Chinese protests, Japan has begun work on the Antung-Mukden Railway.

The note in which Japan officially notified the powers of her intention of proceeding immediately with the reconstruction and improvement of the railway, declares that throughout

the whole of the railway line, the Japanese will be in a position to maintain a strong and efficient force, and that the railway will be a great asset to the Japanese Empire. The Japanese Government has also announced that it will be in a position to maintain a strong and efficient force, and that the railway will be a great asset to the Japanese Empire.

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The Boy Who Went at Becoming "King of Kings"—The Child Shah of Persia.

An Explorer's Straits.

Lieutenant H. H. Shackleton, of the British Navy, who recently became famous for his penetration of the Antarctic, has a still more difficult way of discovery before him. The young explorer now seeks a way to pay a debt of \$10,000, which he is said to have incurred in undertaking his recent expedition to the South Pole. His voyage in quest of gold will be made to America. He will lecture in the United States and Canada.

When Shackleton planned his expedition to the pole, it was said that he had a list of the names of the men among others of a small group of Americans. At the period when he was absolutely pledged to the enterprise, and had incurred considerable preliminary costs, there befell the financial crisis which brought ruin upon a wide circle of erstwhile wealthy men. Among them were the American backers of the new Antarctic expedition.

The Burden of Heat.

The Sunday School "Times" contains the following advice as to how to meet hot weather conditions.

Only those of us who live in the temperate zone have the health-building advantage of extremes of hot and cold weather. Our physical health and accomplishments as compared with those who live where it is always warm or always cold prove the gain of the very conditions about

A Desert Waterworks.

There is a large quantity of water in the great desert of Utah, but except that other human beings are stuck and dried. Science, however, has come to the aid of this parched portion of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks, consisting of a series of frames containing twenty thousand square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly a thousand gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.

Length of Animal Life.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty years, and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years, the rabbit from eight to ten, the goose, thirty, the quail, the hen and the turkey a dozen years. Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 150

years. Carps, on the other hand, appear to have secured their reputation, which was based on ill-understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London Zoological Gardens by Walter de Rothschild, and which is said to have been born in 1750.

Dark Houses Unhealthy.

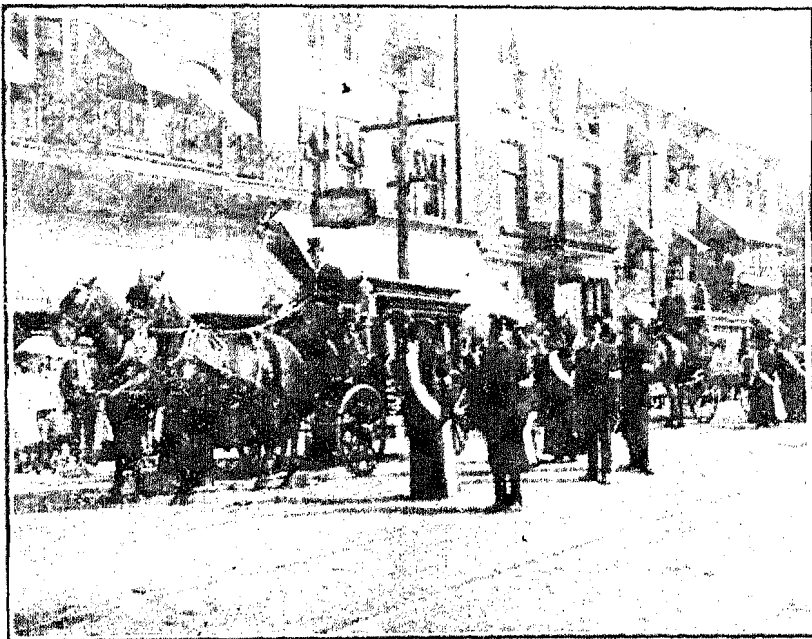
People who keep houses dark for lack of the sunlight spoil their carpets and furniture have no idea of the disease destroying influence of sunlight and air. Recent experiments made in the Pasteur Institute have shown that bacilli exposed to the sun and air were destroyed in two hours, while those exposed to the sun, the air being excluded, were alive after fifty hours of exposure. An Italian physician made an interesting experiment with cholera bacilli. While he found those protected from the sun killed sooner than in eighteen hours, as usual, those exposed to the sun, although not killed, were rendered entirely harmless. As to the influence of sun and air on bacilli, it was ascertained that the oxygen of the air had a marked effect in assisting the sun's rays, and that the bacteria suffered more from the sun's rays if the amount of oxygen was increased than if it was diminished. Certain liquids, too, which will undergo putrefaction in the dark, will remain sweet and free from bacteria when exposed to the sun's rays. Air and sun are nature's great purifiers.

Men Wanted Out West.

There should certainly not be an idle man in Saskatchewan during the next two months for the demand for farm labourers far exceeds the supply, and farmers are offering as much as \$1 a day with board in order to obtain help. The recent great heat brought the crops on with a rush, and cutting started at scores of points in Southern Saskatchewan a week earlier than was expected.

It is expected that a special farm labourers' excursion will be rushed through, and that about 5,000 men will thus be available. We are glad to note that extra precautions are to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the disgraceful scenes of last year. Twenty special constables will accompany each train.

Your life is like a ladder; its rungs are difficulties, temptations, weaknesses and conflicts. You can step up on these and rise; or you can step on the same rungs to step down, down into damnation.



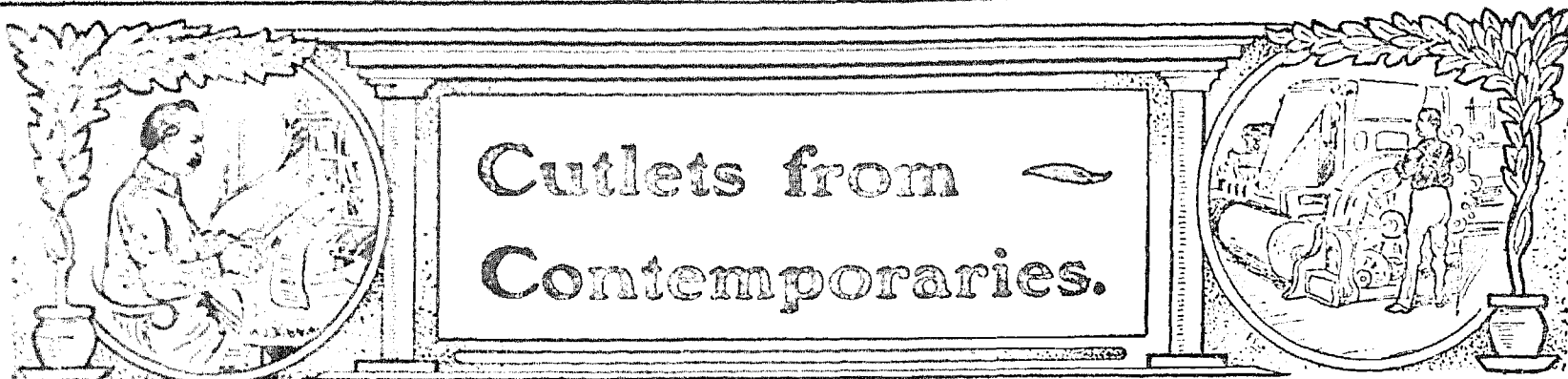
The Funeral Procession of Ensign Brrace and Her Sister Daisy, Just Leaving The S. A. Citadel at Sarnia.

Mr. John Linden, another good friend of The S. A., especially in the East End of Toronto, inserted in a local paper, a letter of appreciation for the services of Adjutant and Mr. McElheney, on behalf of the residents of the East End and around Riverdale.

Knowing that The General would

It is the zeal of The Salvation Army Officer which appeals to Sir Frederick Wilson. Two girl-Officers called upon him for a donation. "And how much do you expect from me?" he said.

Two surrenders are reported from
Campbellford.



Trouble.

Not a Bane, but a Blessing.

"Trouble is our great teacher. It teaches us self-control, it gives us courage, it tempers our passions, it develops our self-control, it quickens our intellectual powers, it drives us to God. The word 'trouble' is derived from the ancient word 'tribulation.' A 'tribulation' was an ancient Greek word meaning the separating wheat from the chaff. And it is well, dear comrades, that the word 'trouble' can be used of a man's separation or separation from the world and his inclinations, his passions, his passions, his passions. Nothing shall separate us from Christ; but it will separate us from him and bring us from earthly things. Trouble is to us what the winds are to the oak, what labour is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great teachers. Troubles are not to be feared, but when they come we must in God's strength bear them with fortitude. Look the world in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns and overcome it with the courage of a true Salvation Soldier in life's great campaign; stoutly contend for the victory, remembering that you are 'encompassed about with a cloud of witnesses.'" —Australian Cry.

It's the Biggest Clock.

So the Yankees Say.

The tower on the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, New York City, will be ready soon to have the clock installed in it. The clock will be the largest in the world. The hands of this clock are being tested on the building of a clock company at Grand and Wilboughby Avenues, Brooklyn.

They are so large that in making a revolution they pass three stories of the building, and when one of them is passing a window, the light is completely shut off, making the room within so dark that the employees are forced to quit work. The hands are made of manganese and bronze, and are of bridge-truss construction. They weigh close to 1,800 pounds. The minute hand from the centre pin to the tip is 14 feet, and this combined with the counterpoise of six

feet, makes the hand twenty feet long. The hour hand, of course, is much smaller, being 11 feet long. When the hands are placed in the tower of the Metropolitan Life building they will have a wire glass covering that will about 14 inches. In each hand are placed 24-inch electrical tubes, in pairs. The clock will be 400 feet from the level of the ground, and when the hands are illuminated by electricity, it is said that they can be seen thirty miles away on a clear night. Other features of the Metropolitan clock will be a thousand-pound bell with a hammer weighing over a hundred pounds. There will be four other small bells to strike the Westminster chimes. The clocks will be operated by electricity. The hands have taken four months to make. —American Young Soldier.

New Bedford's Early Days.

The Story of a Drunkard's Conversion.

One of the first human wrecks that The Salvation Army got hold of in this city and helped to regenerate was about as pitiable a looking object as one would ever find, when he came into The Army meeting. As he told the story afterward, he had gone home that afternoon to work off the effects of a good-sized "drunk." So that when he got himself together again, he would not go out for more, his wife had taken away his hat and hid it, but that did not hinder him in his search for something to quench his appetite. He found her headwear—a large affair with roses on each side—and with this on his head he sauntered forth. In the course of his travels he had been thrown or dropped into the muddy gutter, and got a good coating of mud. Later, he had entered a barroom and had somehow managed to roll around on the floor in such a way that his clothing was covered with a layer of sawdust on top of its coating of ooze.

It was such a looking object as this that entered The Salvation Army room that evening as the service was being held. When the time for testimonies came around, he saw one of his old friends get up on his feet and give his testimony as to the power of religion.

"Say, Bob," said the newcomer, "are you sure you're telling it straight?"

Christian religion. We believe much about the infinite; we cannot understand with the finite mind.

One of the great fundamentals is our belief in the immortality of the soul. Much has been written upon this subject in all ages.

The old philosophers—Plato and others—had great confidence in the continuance of this life in the hereafter, and their thoughts on this line should be stimulating to our faith. But I think one of the most sublime utterances is recorded by the pen of a more modern writer—Victor Hugo. The thought he expresses has been more helpful to me than any I have read in my studies along this line. I kept the paragraph in my bible for years, and will quote from it here, as it may be inspiring to some of the readers of this Department. He says: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and knottier than ever. I am rising I know toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with reflections of unknown

"You bet I am," said the man addressed; "it's just what I say."

"Well, then, I guess I'll give it a chance with me," the drunkard replied, and he went forward to the post-mortem.—American Cry.

Pharaoh's Body

Still to be Seen at Cairo.

The ancient habit of embalming the dead so as to make the corpse practically imperishable, has already yielded discoveries of thrilling interest. In the famous Boulak Museum, at Cairo, for example, the most wonderful thing is the chamber of the mummies. Here they lie in their coffins, a mighty circle of dead Pharaohs, the conquerors, tyrants, and builders of the old world. Here is Seti I., who may have been the Pharaoh whose daughter drew Moses out of the river. Here is Ramesses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, in whose hard and cruel face Moses must often have looked. The bodies are hardened into the consistency of wood, but every feature is perfect; hair and nails, etc., are undestroyed. The faces are not of the Coptic type; they are thin, intellectual, aquiline, with the characters of rule still written upon them.

Their wives and priests lie about them, and these mighty Pharaohs are simply bodies to be stared at. The tourists can look on the face of a dead king who was not only the master of life and death to millions nearly four thousand years ago, but who fills a place in the pages of the Bible. If Machpelah is explored, what discoveries are not possible! If the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Jacob are embalmed, they will be found unchanged, after the passage of forty centuries. The body of Joseph lies in that cave, and it was certainly embalmed and will be as imperishable as that of Seti I. or Ramesses II. —New Zealand Cry.

Unbelief.

False Notions of Some Persons.

Unbelief, or, at best, profession of unbelief, is very often nothing but a manifestation of that quality which

worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous as my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head; and eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn. My monument is only above the foundation I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting for ever. The desire for the infinite proves infinity."

has wrought so much ruin upon earth—pride.

The young man thinks it will make people consider him a cut above the ordinary in intellect if he talks largely of doubting religion; he may even think himself that he is if he does so. He gets hold of somebody's pronouncements, the more high-sounding the phraseology in which they are expressed the better, because the circle in which he moves will be less likely to know what he is talking about, and to ask him awkward questions concerning them, if not thereby the more impressed. Thus equipped, he poses as a free and independent thinker, who could put the universe right if he had the chance.

Such persons are the least likely to be affected by argument. Their minds are closer to it. They have taken in all the philosophy they want—or have room for—and the question of change of opinion is a closed one for the time being. Their condition is not open to remedy by way of attacking their so-called "views"; the only hope is to humble the pride which is behind, to reach the heart with conviction of sin, or the mind with a sense of helplessness, which latter is seen to be effectively enough done when any calamity overtakes, or threatens to overtake, them.—South African Cry.

There is a sufficient recompense in the very consciousness of a noble deed.—Cicero.

WANTED FOR THE KING'S SERVICE

Young Men and Women.

A number of consecrated young men and women are wanted for the next Session of Training, which commences September 16th. If you have not yet sent in your Application for Officership, do it to-day. Write your D.O., P.O., or to
LIEUT. COLONEL SOUTHALL,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Is not that a beautiful thought—a thought which meets a response in all our hearts.

I will give a brief excerpt from Cato, on Immortality, which is rich in confidence and faith:—

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!

Else when this pleasing hope, this fond desire;

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul,

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us.

'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature shrink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

he Praying League

Special Prayer: "Oh Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, and especially need Thy grace and presence at this time."

Sunday, August 29th.—Warnings Unheeded. 1 Kings xi. 1-34; xiv. 1-4.

Monday, August 30th.—God Can See. 1 Kings xiv. 5-20.

Tuesday, August 31st.—Multiplying Wickedness. 1 Kings xiv. 21-31; xv. 2-8.

Wednesday, September 1st.—Wrong Set Right. 2 Chron. xiv. 2-43; xv. 1-8.

Thursday, September 2nd.—Trusted Wrongly. 2 Chron. xvi. 1-14; xvi. 1-6.

Friday, September 3rd.—Bad to Worse. 1 Kings xv. 25-34; xvi. 6-22.

Saturday, September 4th.—Sounding the Alarm. 1 Kings xvii. 1-16.

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THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

There are many mysteries in the



Alcohol in Relation to the Home.

BY MR. AND MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

(Read by Mrs. Booth at the Twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism, held in London last month)

THE subject of this paper is "Alcohol in Relation to the Home." Of Home itself, one general observation may be offered. The Home is not only the seed plot of a nation's continued existence, but it is the spring from which proceeds all that is essential to the true patriotism of a people, to the real power of any community, and to the sustained influence of national life and institutions. The homes of the people constitute the flow of new life, of new influences, both moral and intellectual, and of new energy, without which the nation must in the process of time inevitably shrink and die.

Anything, therefore, which bears for good or ill upon the Homes and upon the Home-life of a people is of supreme importance to every nation.

A wide experience of the conditions of life in many countries, and a somewhat close acquaintance with the inner facts of social progress among the working and peasant classes over a large part of the world, has brought an important body of information on this and kindred subjects to the Officers of The Salvation Army. This paper is intended to present to the Congress—as briefly as may be—some of the principal conclusions at which we have arrived as to the influence of strong drink upon the life of the people as that life is seen in their homes.

A Wasteful Habit.

1. And first we remark, Alcohol in the Home dissipates and wastes the substance and material resources of the family.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than state this fact to secure universal assent. Wherever it appears in the Homes of the people, alcohol tends inevitably to waste. It consumes, without giving any adequate return, what should be expended in necessities, especially for the children, the aged, and the sick. It is astonishing to what an extent it establishes itself as a supposed necessity and then drives out what is all-important for the building up of vigorous physique and the preservation of health. In times of scarcity and unemployment the children's milk is cut off long before the parents' beer and spirits. The wage-earner—and even the young mother—will, to their great detriment, forgo important food much more willingly than the potion of alcoholic drink to which they are accustomed.

The use of strong drink is also, we find, a principal foe to thrift of every kind. The small margin of gain over necessary expenditure which might be stored for the future, goes—even where there is no sign of excess—in this form of indulgence, and when, presently, special needs arise, there is no reserve to fall back upon. It has been wasted. Even when early training has induced habits of thrift, and something has been accumulated by heads of families in the first years of housekeeping, the alcohol custom being once established, invades these slight reserves, and that often on slight occasion, with ruinous consequences. They are quickly dissipated.

Drink Destructive of Home Life.

2. Alcohol dissolves the vigour and spirit which make and keep the Home a living factor.

Nothing is much more valuable in the life of a people than the possession by each individual of some centre of interest and affection to which all that is best in character clings. Just as the homeless man is always a danger to society, so the man with strong attachments—first to the Home of his childhood, and then to the Home of which he himself is the head—will always be a more useful, more law-abiding, and in every way more desirable citizen than the man without those interests.

But nothing so quickly attacks all that is most attractive in Home-life as the use of, and desire for, strong drink. They engender selfishness; they lead to associations totally alien and often antagonistic to Home influence. They lead to a fatal lack of interest in the Home on the part both of men and women, and induce carelessness in its management, and in a very large proportion of cases, even where stimulants are not as yet used to great excess, they strike at the confidence between parents and children, which is one of the finest qualities and most beautiful characteristics of true Home-life.

Once these evils have entered any Home, there is a weakening, soon to produce a total loss, of respect in the children, or genuine regard in the parents. Tens of thousands of young people, because of this curse, enter upon the serious affairs of life with all real affection for Home shattered, and with all high ideals as to the Homes they are themselves to build up destroyed.

3. Alcohol humbles and only too often destroys the natural dignity and prestige of Home and of family life.

One of the highest practical as well as ethical advantages of a good Home to all, but particularly to the young people who live there, is to awaken and cultivate respect and esteem for human life and character. It is there that the future citizen learns how great a thing a human soul is,

and how noble a human life may become. The sacredness and purity of natural affection, the value of self-control, and the true worth of labour are all illustrated in what he sees before him in the life of his Home. To this end, God has by the operation of certain natural tendencies—which we call laws—surrounded family life, and the Home which is its centre, by a reserve and exclusiveness which constitute no small part of its dignity. Occasions abound, both of joy and sorrow, of loss and gain, of pleasure and of pain, which tend to strengthen that seclusion and to uphold and increase that dignity.

In its influence upon the formation of character this has a large place, helping to develop resource, self-control, willingness to accept responsibility, and sympathy and affection towards all.

But alas! how cruelly opposed to all this is alcoholism! With what agony have we not all of us witnessed the gradual dispersal of that respect, and the final destruction of that dignity, under the influences of this scourge! The wife and mother, who at first looked up in all things to the husband, is gradually compelled to look down upon him. The husband and father whose esteem was at first of the highest for the wife, is compelled at last to think of her only as the servant or slave of another master. The children grow up to see only too plainly how the best and purest side of their parents' character is marred and stained by the influences of this strange evil power, until presently all respect, either for their word or their personalities, is gone. Who can estimate the evil consequences of this loss of prestige? Who can say how far it is responsible for the growth of disorderliness, insubordination, anarchism, and kindred evils around us?

We verily believe that many a revolutionary spirit many a reckless criminal, many a forsaken woman, took the first steps on the way to ruin under the influence of a Home in which strong drink had already undermined all that moral dignity and natural prestige which should have been a strong bulwark against those very evils.

Injurious to the Children.

4. Alcohol tends to weaken and ultimately overthrow the authority of the family, to the great injury of the children.

Discipline is a part of life. Without it, the world would be a chaos of disorder, if not a Hell of despair. The discipline which the world gives is based on the operation of unchanging law. If we are to produce men and women who will work in harmony with that law, and who will obtain by such work results leading to their own peace and the wellbeing of others, they must be trained in the acceptance, and, as far as may be, in the appreciation, of the discipline adapted to their early years. The father, the mother, are to command their children before God; the simple rules of Home are to represent the parents' mind, and the penalties attached to their neglect, the measure of the parents' condemnation for their breach; all this is to exalt authority and to train in its acceptance, so that by and by the young citizens may descend into the world's arena possessed by the steady purpose of resolute men, but ready, while seeking freedom for themselves, to observe the laws of equal freedom for others.

But how can such training be possible if the father—or, more dreadful still, the mother—is seen to be a self-indulgent habitue of the dram-shop, or, worse still, is known to be quietly drinking the poison on the sly? The young people instinctively lose their natural respect for such a father. His word ceases to be anything to them. His law loses its clasp upon them. His punishments are transformed into brutal injustice to their eyes. Little by little, and more and more, that righteous fear which was the beginning of wisdom in them, is destroyed, and in their sphere they are translated into neglectors and despisers of all authority. The father, who ought to have been the emblem of all lawful power to them—the representative of God Himself—is become as but a chip of wood on the waters of a sensual life. Perhaps in nothing is the evil effect of the use of intoxicants fraught with more gravity for the future than in this. Here is the degradation and destruction, at its very source, of that lawful and natural authority without the recognition of which the human Home would be little better than a habitation of wild beasts.

Self-Indulgence and Impurity.

5. Alcohol opens the door of the Home to the most vicious forms of self-indulgence and impurity.

"Leave the door open," says the old adage, "and the devil will come in." Who can doubt that it is so here? The Home—no matter how humble—was designed to be the sheltered harbour of innocence, the temple of love for one woman by one man, and the field in which appetite is subjected to reason and controlled by affection. But only let alcohol enter there, and the door is, ever after, open for all that represents the antipodes of restraint, of chastity, and of purity.

Strong drink incites appetite, changes the sweetest love of earth into lust, which being denied becomes hate, and carries men away into licence and



vice. It is always the faithful ally of the baser nature. It is ever the friend of the beast in man.

Impurity in one form or another is, perhaps, the greatest danger of the new century facing the Western nations. On every hand, its presence and power confront us—young and old—rich and poor alike. Who can doubt—certainly we of The Salvation Army cannot—that intoxicating liquors open the door of the Home—aye, of the very Nursery—to this foul and soul-destroying fiend; and when once he is admitted stand firmly by him as an auxiliary and confederate in the work of moral destruction which ever accompanies his presence?

6. Alcoholism is the implacable enemy of all that belongs to the ethical advance of the community.

Nowhere is there such an opening for the moral and spiritual cultivation of the people as in the Home. There, in the highest degree, the influences of unselfish love and the example of disinterested devotion are potent factors in the training and encouragement of all that is good in man. It is there that the heaven of Jesus Christ's teaching will most readily enter the human soul, leading it to covet lowliness, to be patient in injustices, and to welcome even dishonour for truth's sake. No after influences can achieve for the youth of our peoples what can be accomplished at the Home. It seems to us who find in all the wise arrangements of human life evidences of a Divine solicitude, that family life was really designed for the very purpose of rooting the young trees planted there in all that is true and honourable and brave and pure. That it is by Divine appointment intended to be the great school of morals—that there should meet the tenderest influences of earthly affection and the first revelation of the love of God, both, alike, inspiring to a life of labour for others.

Alcohol is the foe of all those sacred things. Its use weakens the ability to discern between that which is evil and that which is good. It emboldens men to neglect God. It sets up false standards of duty and ambition, standards, that is, which are warped and dwarfed by the claims of indulgence. Alcohol confuses conscience until it calls right wrong and wrong right. It exalts present advantage and dulls the power of noble ambition. In short, alcohol is the handmaid of the life of sense, of fleshly gratification, of passionate refusal of the higher life, of self-denial, and of

drink habit is entrenched in all those baneful antagonisms manifest themselves in a ways. The children feel them; the grown youths and maidens suffer from them; the visitors and friends, the servants and attendants—if such there be—do not escape their influences, and the heads of the family receive back a further dreadful impetus on the way to moral and spiritual atrophy and death. The Home so degraded, instead of a nursery of moral beauty and of spiritual life, becomes little more than a charnel-house of dead or dying souls.

For the reasons here briefly referred to, we of The Salvation Army say that strong drink ought to be banished from the Home, from the Church—which is the earthly home of the family of Christ—and from the use of all civilised peoples. And on these grounds, we have, in God's name, already and for ever banished the accursed thing from our borders.

An Adjutant's Courtesy

How He Befriended a Young German Mother who was Travelling with a Fretful Baby.



Then Up and Down the Aisle He Paced.

IT was on the West-bound train of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, somewhere between Winnipeg and the City of Moose Jaw, that a strong, lusty baby first set up a series of infantine howls and crying. The travellers were aroused, testy and frowning, for it was far into the night.

"I'd give a dollar to have my way with that youngster for about ten minutes," growled a man with drink-sodden features.

A young woman, with no marks of domestic concern, remarked petulantly, "I don't see why people can't travel on a train without having a herd of young ones with them."

Indeed, the whole car, with one exception, had put on an air of annoyance and discomfort. The one exception—a Salvation Army Adjutant—who had been quietly reading, left his seat and went to the back of the car. He had children of his own, living and dead, and had seen something of the "lights and shadows" of life. His face was aglow with the warmth of his heart. What he saw at the back of the car touched him.

In a corner, a young German mother, tired out, stood with a lusty baby in her arms, patting, coaxing, and trying to pacify him. A little girl lay sleeping on the cushioned seat near her. There was a large wicker basket, a carpet bag, and a large roll with a shawl strap. Poor mother, she was so pale and weary. Yet not concerned so much for herself, as for the annoyance of the passengers.

The Army Officer gently spoke to her. "The little fellow is nervous and fighting sleep," he said, "and hardly knows what is the matter with him. Let me take him for a little while."

Suiting the action to the words, he took the child almost forcibly out of her arms. She clinging the while and saying: "Oh, sir, heem cry mooch eef you taka heem."

"I guess not," said the Officer with a smile. "He can't more than cry anyway, and he's doing that now."

Then up and down the aisle he paced, saying to the child in a low, soothing voice, "Now, I've got you, little fellow, and we're going to let mamma rest, and you are going to sleep right away. Don't you see how all the folks are mad at you?" Each time he came back to where the mother sat, she rose to take the child, and each time he motioned her to sit down. His venture changed the temper of the whole car, and passengers glanced at him and grinned and jested.

Said the jolly drummer, "You've been there before, I guess, old fellow. Got a round dozen of your own?" "Good thing to keep your hand in practice," said a motherly-looking woman, to her nearest friend, "That Salvation man has some feeling for a woman, anyway. He's the sort that would make a wife happy, I know."

Meanwhile the little chap had ceased his crying and sunk into a sound sleep. Once more signalling the mother not to disturb herself, the Officer slipped into a seat just across from her with the little fellow cuddled on his knee. His friendly manner had won her confidence, and while the train sped on, she told him the cause of her journey. A few years before, her husband, Fritz, after whom the little one was named, had come to Cape Breton from Germany. She was his girl sweetheart, left behind to wait till the time when he could send for her. Two years sped by, and then she bade farewell to her people to become a bride away over the sea. The voyage was without mishap. The meeting and marriage a great joy, and all went well, until through sickness, her husband lost his employment. Trusting to better their circumstances, they decided, like many more, to go West. She remained in Cape Breton with the children, keeping a couple of humble boarders, while he went ahead to find work, and a place in which to live. It had been a long struggle, for almost four despairing months, and she had worked and waited.

"Fritz," she said, "het a vera hardt time gitten vork. It would be von tay, mebbe two tays, and den no more as much as a week. Und he yust nearly die mit the heart-sick. But, now, he haf got von goot place, und shteady vork, aund ve are to haf a home vonce more. It's vour months already since he vent to the Moose Jaw City, und he's yust grazzy to see Gretzy und baby Fritz."

Dear, careworn little mother, too modest to speak of Fritz's love for her, and the hunger of her own heart to see him. During the talk her whole soul had shown itself in her face.

Knowing that she wanted to talk of her husband, and deeply interested in her story, the Officer remarked in a jesting way, "Do you think that Fritz will care to see you when you reach your journey's end?"

"Vill he! vill he! Vill, I should tink! He'll yust be counting the meenutes." And she laughed with hysterical joy, wiping the tears from her eyes at the same time.

"Fritz is a goot man," she went on, "eef efer dere vas one. He nefer drunk, nor leave me at night, nor swear, nor git mad in hees l fe. Mine own faldler could not be petter than Fritz."

"He's yust be waiting all night at the b'ace for me, und eef nodings happen, me und the shildren vill be mit heem in less than vour hours." Her tears flowed afresh at the thought of meeting him whom she loved.

Coming back to practical matters, the Officer said, glancing at the sleeping little ones, and the baggage, "Who is going to help you off the train with all this baggage and the little ones?"

"Oh, Fritz, mine husband, vill be dere."

The train was very near Moose Jaw. The conductor was making his way through to see that all were awake. The passengers were making ready to leave the train. Many of them were on their feet. The city still lay sombre, under the pall of night. The little mother was waking little Gretchen, and trying to pin on her wrap, but she trembled so, and her heart was in such a flutter that she could hardly get it done. Another minute and the great train was at a stand-still at the depot. The Officer held back his charge until the crowd had hurried past, and then led the way. When they were down from the steps the Officer took the lusty boy, now waking, in his arms, and his own grip, and the great heavy roll in the other hand, while the little mother carried the bag and willow basket. The little girl, hardly half awake, clung to the handle of the basket, the mother cheering her with, "Here ees the Moose Jaw now, und the station. Und papa ees right here."

Standing under the archway through which the crowd was thronging from the train, was a smart, manly-looking young German. He was neat, and clean-shaven. With his dear ones on the night train, he had not thought of sleep. His eager eyes were scanning the stream of travellers that came past him. His anxiety was pathetic. His features were pallid and drawn with the night of anxious waiting. When the straggling end of the procession was passing under the archway, and he could not see those he sought for, his heart seemed to sink with him. When lo! along came The Army Officer with little Fritz awake in his arms, the heavy luggage lumbering at his side; behind him, with her load, and the drowsy, little Gretchen clinging to the basket, came the weary little mother, all the way from Cape Breton.

For an instant the young man stood transfixed, and then springing forward, he uttered such a note of joy that will not soon be forgotten by those present. And the embrace. It was too tender, too holy for the curious; too sacred for the eyes of the stranger. That meeting was a sight for angels.

The Officer, for the instant forgotten, put down the baggage, placed the little one beside his sister, and hurried away. He had not gone far, however, when a hand, still trembling with emotion and excitement, stopped him.

"Oh, sir" mine vife—mine vife she say you vas—so vera goot to her und mine shilren. Me do so tank you. Me do so luff you. Tank you. Tank you."

Here was humble manliness and gratitude.

"All right brother; all right!" exclaimed the Officer. "God bless you, and your good wife and the children."

There was a radiance on the young man's face of joy and gratitude, that was blessedness. It is a good God that hath created the ties of love and home and hearthstone.—Charles W. McGee.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



The King's Recent Guest at Cowes—The Czar of Russia, Nicholas II.

Great Imperial Army.

During the latter part of July, an Imperial Conference was held at the Foreign Office in London, England, the outcome of which is to be one great Imperial British army, uniformly trained and equipped. In general terms the plan provides that all troops of self-governing colonies shall undergo precisely the same training as the home regulars in order to be ready to take their places beside the latter, whenever and wherever the necessity may arise. Military training colleges along the line of the staff college at Camberley are to be established in the overseas dominions, and there is to be a continuous interchange of officers from all parts of the Empire so as to ensure absolute uniformity of organization and training.

In a recent speech outlining the probable strength of the army of the empire, Mr. Haldane, the Secretary for War, estimated that the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could furnish a total of forty-six divisions. This is equivalent to twenty-three army corps, which is the strength of the German army.

Railway Up Mont Blanc.

The first section of the Mont Blanc electric railway is open, and people are now able to ascend to Col Voza, 5,495 feet high, without any greater effort than is required to take a seat in a comfortable car. The first train up took an hour to accomplish the journey of about four and-a-half miles. There are no tunnels, and the steepest grade is twenty feet in the hundred. Some magnificent views of Alpine scenery can be had from the cars.

Troubled Persia.

The new Persian Government is having many troubles. The cities of Kashgar and Shiraz and several of the nomad tribes refuse to recognize it, a brother of the deposed Shah, at the head of a tribe of Kurds, is marching on Teheran, an uncle of the late ruler has managed to purchase permission to visit the capital once more before his final banishment, and the poor little twelve-year-old Shah, in mere childish terror over the coming separation from his parents, is said to have tried to commit suicide.

Japan and China.

In spite of Chinese protests, Japan has begun work on the Antung-Mukden Railway.

The note in which Japan officially notified the powers of her intention of proceeding immediately with the reconstruction and improvement of the railway, declares that throughout

the discussions, China has had recourse to her well-known policy of obstruction and procrastination; has evaded the just and reasonable demands of Japan, and raised collateral questions regarding police authority and other matters, thus delaying a settlement. China's reply of June 24 is mentioned, and the note declares that Japan's rights under the treaty of 1905 were disregarded and the provision of the treaty who's nullified thereby.

The final paragraph of the note contains Japan's ultimatum as follows:—

"In this situation the Imperial Government is now compelled to take independent action, and to proceed to carry out the necessary work of reconstruction and improvement according to treaty rights."

An Explorer's Straits.

Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, of the British Navy, who recently became famous for his penetration of the Antarctic circle to a new record mark, has a still more difficult voyage of discovery before him, he thinks. The young explorer now seeks a way to pay a debt of \$70,000, which he is said to have incurred in undertaking his recent expedition to the South Pole. His voyage in quest of gold will be made to America. He will lecture in the United States and Canada.

When Shackleton planned his expedition to the pole, it is said that he had at his back the financial assistance, among others of a small group of Americans. At the period when he was absolutely pledged to the enterprise, and had incurred considerable preliminary costs, there befell the financial crisis which brought ruin upon a wide circle of erstwhile wealthy men. Among them were the American backers of the new Antarctic expedition.

The Burden of Heat.

The Sunday School "Times" contains the following advice as to how to meet hot weather conditions.

Only those of us who live in the temperate zone have the health-building advantage of extremes of hot and cold weather. Our physical health and accomplishments, as compared with those who live where it is always warm or always cold prove the gain of the very conditions about

which we are inclined to grumble. It is unquestionably of benefit to us to be plunged suddenly from cold into hot weather and back again, as we are in our swiftly changing seasons. Just now many of us are meeting the hot-weather test. If we take it as something that is in every way good for us, adapting ourselves sensibly and cheerfully to the weather conditions, we shall reap the benefit that Nature intends, and enter the winter season better off in every way for the summer experiences. We need to take life quietly, move slowly, avoid unnecessary effort, refrain from over-exertion of body or mind, and "keep sweet." All of this we can do if we will, but let us remember that hot weather is endured better if we are busy than if we are idle. Its burden rests heaviest upon who have no other burden to think about than the heat.

A Desert Waterworks.

There is a large quantity of water in the great desert of Chili, but none that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks, consisting of a series of frames containing twenty thousand square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly a thousand gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.

Length of Animal Life.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years; and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years, the rabbit from eight to ten, the goose thirty, the duck, the hen and the turkey a dozen years. Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 150



The Boy Who Wept at Becoming "King of Kings."—The Child Shah of Persia.

years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London Zoological Gardens by Walter de Rothschild, and which is said to have been born in 1750.

Dark Houses Unhealthy.

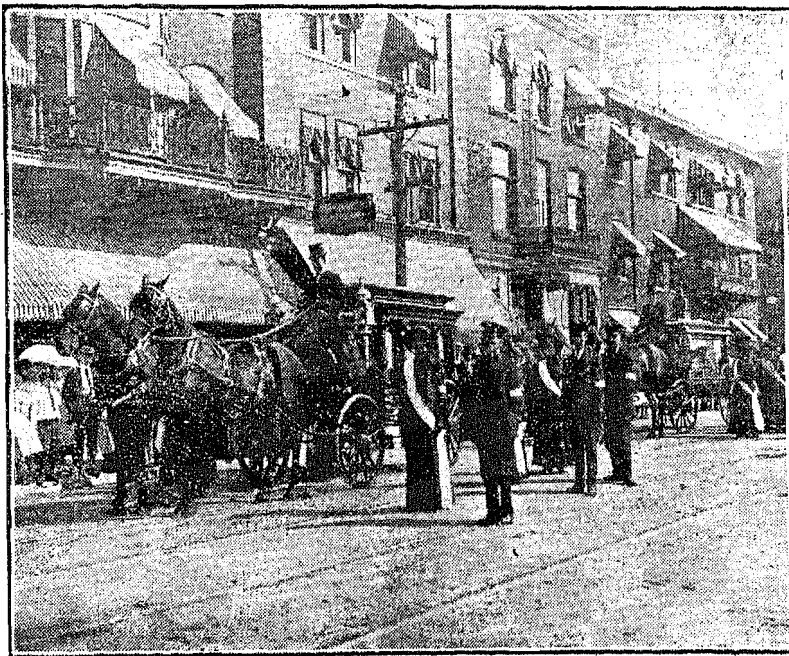
People who keep houses dark for fear of the sunlight spoiling their carpets and furniture have no idea of the disease destroying influence of sunlight and air. Recent experiments made in the Pasteur Institute have shown that bacilli exposed to the sun and air were destroyed in two hours, while those exposed to the sun, the air being excluded, were alive after fifty hours of exposure. An Italian physician made an interesting experiment with cholera bacilli. While he found those protected from the sun killed guinea pigs in eighteen hours, as usual, those exposed to the sun, although not killed, were rendered entirely harmless. As to the influence of sun and air on bacilli, it was ascertained that the oxygen of the air had a marked effect in assisting the sun's rays, and that the bacteria suffered more from the sun's rays if the amount of oxygen was increased than was diminished. Certain liquids, too, which will undergo purification in the dark, will remain sweet, and free from bacteria when exposed to the sun's rays. Air and sun are nature's great purifiers.

Men Wanted Out West.

There should certainly not be an idle man in Saskatchewan during the next two months, for the demand for farm labourers far exceeds the supply, and farmers are offering as much as \$3 a day with board in order to obtain help. The recent great heat brought the crops on with a rush, and cutting started at scores of points in Southern Saskatchewan a week earlier than was expected.

It is expected that a special farm labourers' excursion will be rushed through, and that about 5,000 men will thus be available. We are glad to note that extra precautions are to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the disgraceful scenes of last year. Twenty special constables will accompany each train.

Your life is like a ladder; its rungs are difficulties, temptations, weaknesses and conflicts. You can step up on these and rise; or you can use the same rungs to step down, down into damnation.



The Funeral Procession of Ensign Breece and Her Sister Daisy, Just Leaving The S. A. Citadel at Sarnia.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.



He Visited The S. A. Officer.

Converting a Circus Rider.

The circus had come to town. Wild beasts, and wild-west cowboys, acrobats, dancers, painted c'owns, and spangled equestriennes paraded the streets, and made the small boys and simple ones green with envy. But all are not happy who laugh loudly. One of the swaggery circus hands d'd not feel good, for the simple reason that he knew he was a sinner. At the place where they had last shown, he had been brought into touch with The Army, and on th's particular day, he was longing for salvation. He made enquiries for The Salvation Army, and at the first opportunity waited upon the Officer, who immediately took the bare-back rider in hand, and told him of the Sav'our. He sought and found Christ, severed his connection with the circus, and is now working for his living in a more useful fashion, having the happiness in his soul that all the circuses in the world could not give him.

Holding Up Christ.

A Canadian store-keeper recently visited in London, England, a friend of his, who was an ardent admirer of The General, and continually praised him as a preacher of the Gospel and an expounder of the Scriptures.

"I have never heard him," said the visitor, "but next Sunday I will go and see whether he is deserving of all the praise you bestow upon him."

On the Sunday he proceeded to the Royal Albert Hall, and on his return his host met him with the eager question: "Well, what do you think of The General?"

"Nothing," was the reply. Then seeing the look of utter astonishment and sorrow on his friend's face, he said again, "No, nothing."

But his eyes filled with tears of joy as he added: "All I can think of is the Saviour he held up to us."

Surely no greater or finer praise than the above could be passed upon any man's preaching. God bless our General! Long may he lead us to victory.—Chas. W. McGee.

A Courageous Captain.

A number of men and youths were inciting two game cocks to fight, on a vacant lot adjoining an Army Hall. They yelled and laughed and urged the birds in their contest until they were almost exhausted.

The little Army Captain heard the clamour, and found out the cause. She came to the ring, and calling the owner of one of the birds by name, commanded him to take it away. He blankly refused, and laughed his defiance, and dared anyone to touch it. The Captain learned who was the owner of the other bird. She thereupon entered the ring, seized the bird, and bore it in triumph to its owner.

The unholy crowd jeered the Captain, but sensible people praised her for the plucky deed, and the Corps prospered mightily.

A Good Find.

The Montreal Weekly "Star" is responsible for the following paragraph:—

A legacy of £90,000 awaited a woman in England, who could not be traced by her relatives, so the aid of the Investigation Department of The Salvation Army was sought, who at once set to work to endeavour to find the woman's whereabouts. This was no mean task, for nothing had been heard of her by her friends for forty years. Such details as were known were sent to the ends of the earth, and the special Officers entrusted with this work commenced a search. Ultimately, the person was found in America, and final disposition of the property will soon be made.

Experiences of a Financial Collector.

Scene 1. An S. A. financial man knocks at the door of a public notary's house. He is ushered into the well appointed drawing-room, where the lady of the house converses with him under the impression that he is a military officer, and has come to see her husband on military matters.

Suddenly she reads his card. "Oh, you are from The Salvation Army! I didn't know that. Well, I am afraid there will be no use in your seeing the Judge, for he has no dealings with your people."

But—

The Judge enters. After consider-



A Variety of Calls.

able discussion, a tour of the gardens and lunch (at which the judge refused wine, because of our Officer's presence), the tide turned—our man was satisfied.

Scene 2. The same Officer making tracks for a lumber camp in the backwoods. Arriving there, he is greeted with exclamations of surprise and welcome. Round the rough wooden benches he tucks his legs in real lumber-jack fashion. Bats of their coarse rations, talks with them as they silently smoke their pipes, and gains an undisturbed hearing. They



She Seized One of the Birds.

are pleased. They laugh when they hear his mission. "Might as well have it now," cries one big fellow, and a hundred dollars comes flying through the air. "I'm kinder glad you came. Will yer come again?"

Possibly he will, and the camp will be his first call.

Reads Like Romance.

Really, the stories of man's conversion from sin to righteousness, that are told in The Salvation Army, read like romance.

Here is a case: A man who, in the days of his youth was described by a constable as the champion liar of the little town in which he lived, went from bad to worse, in spite of parental reproof and exhortation. He tramped the country, then enlisted in a regiment, went to India, and grew more dissipated and reckless than ever. He stole from his comrades and deserted, but was arrested, put into jail, and then dismissed from the regiment with ignominy.

Ultimately he found his way to Canada. One night he drifted past a Salvation Army Hall. The singing arrested his attention and he entered. That night the Corps-Cadets took the meeting, and the singing and testimonies from those pure young people so took hold of the hardened reprobate, that there and then he decided that he would live a better life. He got saved, and is to-day a respected man, holding the proud position of a

UNITED FOR GOD AND THE WAR.

The Treasurer and Band of Love Leader at Toronto I., Become Man and Wife.

Brigadier Taylor recently performed a very pleasant ceremony in a graceful fashion at Toronto No. 1. It



Buy the War Cry.

was the marriage of Treasurer Cresswell to Sister Jack. A splendid crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and on the platform were seated a lady and gentleman with whose family Sister Jack has been connected. They gave a splendid tribute to our comrades' personal worth and Christian character.

The Corps was present in full force for both comrades are greatly respected.

The Treasurer owes a great deal to the Corps, for prior to his conversion, he was a heavy drinker; but he bears a striking testimony to the fact that although a bricklayer, and having to work in the hot sun, he has had no temptation to drink intoxicants since God saved him. He is a fully uniformed Salvationist, so devoted to the meetings that he has only missed four services for the last ten months.

Sister Jack has occupied several important posts in the Corps, and is, at present the Band of Love Leader. Her home circumstances have given her the opportunity of showing a motherly spirit to her brothers and sisters, and so thoroughly has she risen to her duty in this respect, that a brother whom she had not seen for fifteen years, came to Toronto to be present at the wedding.

Brigadier Taylor, also, on behalf of Captain and Mrs. Townsend, presented the young couple with a Bible. God bless them.

SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS MARRIED.

Hallelujah Wedding at S. A. Barracks, Belleville.

At The Salvation Army Barracks, last evening, a Hallelujah wedding took place before an audience which completely filled that auditorium. The contracting parties were two Officers of The Army, namely, Ensign Weir, of Halifax, N. S., and Captain Carrie Stimmers, of this city.

Captain Adsit, of Toronto, acted as best man, and Lieutenant Fairhurst, of Toronto, was bridesmaid.

Colonel Gaskin, of Toronto, who is Field Secretary for the Dominion, performed the ceremony.

The parties were all attired in their Army uniforms.

Previous to the ceremony a brief service was held, consisting of prayer, singing of hymns and an exhortation by Colonel Gaskin. The appearance of the bridal party upon the platform was the signal for a salutation from The Army Band and comrades.

Ensign Weir and his wife left at midnight for a trip to New York State before returning to Halifax, where their duties call them for the present.

The young couple have, for some time been engaged in Army work.—Belleville "Intelligencer."

Co'our-Sergeant in The Salvation Army.

They Now Like the Cry.

A young convert full of zeal and anxious to do something for God, started out to sell War Crys. He was a youth of spirit and enterprise and emulated the methods of the newsboys, with such success that he quickly sold a large number.

Amongst those who purchased, was an old man, who had long been a stranger to God. What he received in the Cry so interested him that he thought he would like to go to The Salvation Army Hall and see things for himself. He went, and was so deeply impressed with his need of a Saviour that he came to the cross and sought and found Christ.

Both that youth and the old man now set great store on the War Cry.

Upon what does power for service depend? Upon cleanness of heart and life, and Holy Ghost presence there.

✽

"What thing soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive (or have received), and ye shall have them."

✽

I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else.—Franklin.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. McELHENEY'S FAREWELL.

How Riverdale Wished Them God
Speed.

After a decidedly successful stay in Riverdale, Adjutant and Mrs. McElheney, farewelled on Sunday, August 15th, for Winnipeg. The news that this event was to take place leaked out long before the Sunday, and up to the Monday night, when they gave a final exhortation, and were present at a banquet arranged as a parting service, expressions of regret, and hearty "God speeds" flowed in from all quarters of the great Queen City.

Ministers, temperance workers, Army friends, comrades of early day warfare, and Salvationists of all ranks, reluctantly shook hands with two leaders who have won their way into the hearts of the people as only few Officers have.

The great Hall was packed out on Sunday night. The Rev. Mr. Fallis spoke words of appreciation of the Adjutant's unceasing toil in the East End, not only as a Salvationist, but a public citizen, Staff-Captain and Mrs. White assisted throughout the two meetings. The Juniors of the Directory Class sang a farewell song; the Band and Songsters also rendered appropriate selections.

Adjutant and Mrs. McElheney addressed the immense audience, and eight souls sought salvation.

At the banquet, successfully conducted by the Sergeant-Major, Treasurer, Secretary, and Sisters, a host of friends and comrades gathered. Many eloquent tributes to the work of the late Officers, were paid. The Adjutant dedicated the baby girl of Brother and Sister Harris.

On Tuesday night a large number of Salvationists gathered at the Union Depot to wave a last good-bye to the Adjutant and his wife. A number of the younger members of Headquarters' Staff played them through the streets to the station entrance, where they were joined by the Riverdale Band.

DIES AT SEA.

Within sight of the Old Country, where he was to spend a holiday, Band-Secretary Alfred R. Hodgson, youngest son of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hodgson, died on board the R. M.S. "Virginian," when completing the voyage from the United States.

Band-Secretary Hodgson had formerly been engaged at the National Headquarters and the International Training College; latterly he was Band Secretary at Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A.

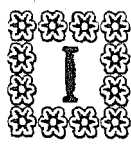
He was accompanied on the homeward trip across the Atlantic by his sister, Captain Lily Hodgson, so that his sorrowing relatives have the satisfaction of knowing that when stricken down with Bright's disease, he was lovingly tended.

In this terrible blow, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hodgson and family will have the sympathy and prayers of a wide circle of Salvationists.

West Toronto.—Captains Palmer, Kelly, and Pugmire visited us on Sunday, August 15th, and conducted the meetings throughout. The singing of the visitors was much appreciated, also Captain Pugmire's euphonium solo. Four souls knelt at the mercy seat during the day.

Beginnings of Backsliding.

By the Chief of the Staff.



It is the beginnings which are so important, so deadly, and yet often so small. That is one of the points on which the diseases of the soul are like those of the body. The doctors tell us that a speck of infected matter, no larger than the smallest grain of flour that can be seen with the human eye, is enough to poison a man's whole frame, to fill him with untold suffering, and finally to kill him. So the most trifling disobedience, the smallest unbelief, the least of hidden sins, the little uncleanness which nobody can see, is enough to destroy alike spiritual health and life.

How did you become a backslider? How was it? You were unkindly dealt with? Someone spoke evil of you? You lost your faith in your Officer? You saw something wrong in someone else, and that shook you? You were tempted sore? Very well, I can quite understand. I am afraid that many good people will have much to answer for, in that they have thoughtlessly, or in some other way, caused the weak and the lame to stumble in the way. But God will have to settle all that. He will do what is right.

Some Hidden Wrong.

But was there not something that happened before these difficulties overtook you? Some time ago a poor backslider in great distress wrote to me, and afterward came to see me. She had once been a useful Salvationist; so happy, so much beloved. But now all was changed. Darkness was on everything, both in soul and circumstances. Bitter sorrow, like a dreadful vampire, seemed to be drawing out her very life-blood, and in anguish and grief she turned to me. I did all I could to help her back to light and faith, and then I asked her, "How did you first go back—how did it begin?"

"It began like this," she replied. "I had a dear friend, also a Salvationist. We promised God that we would spend one hour alone with Him every day in prayer and communion. For years I kept it up and lived in victory. At last my work increased, and one day I said to myself, 'I will reduce that hour to half an hour, and have a little more rest for my body.' From that day I got cooler in my soul. I did not love sinners so much. I lost the joy. There was no change outwardly, but, oh, I was weak! weak! And then, when such and such a thing happened, I gave way, and left my post; and now I have lost everything. It all began with neglecting prayer."

So, you see, neither the cruel treatment she received, nor the terrible affliction God allowed to come upon her, was the real beginning of her backsliding—it was that going back from prayer. Was it so with you? And have you been blaming something that happened after, when you ought to blame yourself?

Disobedience Did It?

Several years ago someone asked me to speak to a young man in a prayer-meeting. He was looking very ill, and the marks of sin were plainly visible on his face. The moment I offered him my hand, he began to tell me how bad and low he was, and how far from God. Then he went on to

blame some Salvationists for his backsliding, saying he had been slandered and wronged, that he would never forgive, and that if his soul was lost it was not his fault. It made me feel broken-hearted and I could not speak to him for a few minutes. Then after a little silence, I said to him, "Well, does God speak to you now?"

"No," he said, "the last time God spoke to me was when He called me to become an Officer, and I would not give up my home."

"Ah," I said, "and was that before all this wrong came upon you?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"And don't you see," I said, "that it was that disobedience which was the beginning of your backsliding? The fiery trial found you weak, and the devil overthrew you."

And then the poor fellow broke down, and told me how he had lost everything, because of that refusal to obey God's call. All his money, and his friends, and his character for steadiness, and he feared his health, were gone. It was a sad time I had with him.

Once when in Yorkshire a man came and spoke to me in a meeting. "I am a backslider, Chief," he said, "and I want you to pray for me. I am bad! But it's all my own fault. I was a Candidate once, and I have a letter at home from you accepting me. But I disobeyed, and then the devil flew at me, and now I am back, and my wife's back also, and my home is a drunkard's home."

"Well," I said, "come back to God to-night—do it now."

"No," he said; "I can't do it unless my wife will."

And so, though he saw it was all his fault, he would not act without his wife and I had to leave him.

His Dying Confession.

Another backslider who once came to see me, laid before me a long list of complaints against some of his comrades, and then began to accuse God of treating him cruelly on account of the death of his children. He was full of self-justification, and my interview was a very painful one. I prayed with him, and he promised to come to hear me speak the following day. He did so. In the prayer meeting he told me it was impossible for him to be saved till other people had confessed their wrong, and we separated.

Some time afterward I was again in that neighbourhood, when, to my horror, I heard of this man's death. I anxiously inquired after his soul, and was told that just before he died he had confessed to having fallen into practices of secret dishonesty in business, and that he had withdrawn all his bitter accusations both against his old comrades and against God.

Is there anything of this sort in your case? Are you blaming The Army or some comrade, who has, as you think, wronged you, when in reality there is something horribly wrong in your own life, or habits, or work, or home, which is the true reason of God's departure from your soul? If it is so, I beseech you confess it. Don't go down to the border of the grave acting a lie in the face of Almighty God. Have courage. Speak! Out with the truth! Dare to

(Continued on page 11.)

Band Chat.

Bandsman Sid Brooks, late of the Old Land, was welcomed to Lisgar Street, on Sunday, August 15th. He plays a cornet, and is a son of Bandsman Brooks, also of the Lisgar Band.

Riverdale Band re-welcomed Bandsman Rogers to its ranks on Sunday, August 15th. Our comrade plays soprano saxophone, and is thus quite an addition to the Band's ranks.

Lippincott Senior Band is progressing favourably, notwithstanding the fact that several instruments—a Bb saxophone, baritone, solo cornet and side drum—are awaiting capable Bandsmen to manipulate them. Captain Bertram Pattenden, the Band Secretary, would be pleased to hear from efficient Bandsmen who could take up these parts; especially from those engaged in the wood-engraving trade.

Brother Phillips, of Galt, has been welcomed to Huntsville Band. The bass end of the Band has thus been strengthened. A good solo cornet player would be heartily welcomed here. Apply to Deputy-Bandmaster Spanner, or Ensign Plant, Box 358.

Bandmaster Bull, of Midland, has farewelled, after a three years' stay there. The Band made appreciable progress during his nine months' leadership, and the Band boys will miss him.

Four more Bandsmen were recently welcomed at Chatham, Ont. They are Brothers Fred and Will Coles, of Woodstock, Brother Dobney, of Toronto and Brother Cooper, of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~former two have taken~~ ^{the former two have taken} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~euphonium and 2nd baritone, and the~~ ^{euphonium and 2nd baritone, and the} ~~latter two flugel horn and Bb bass,~~ ^{latter two flugel horn and Bb bass,} ~~respectively. On Civic Holiday, the~~ ^{respectively. On Civic Holiday, the} ~~Band, which now numbers twenty-seven, took a trip with the Juniors to~~ ^{Band, which now numbers twenty-seven, took a trip with the Juniors to} ~~the lake, and had an enjoyable time.~~ ^{the lake, and had an enjoyable time.} ~~The playing of the Band was greatly~~ ^{The playing of the Band was greatly} ~~enjoyed by crowds, and such marches~~ ^{enjoyed by crowds, and such marches} ~~as "The Shields," "Chicago," "Chalk~~ ^{as "The Shields," "Chicago," "Chalk} ~~Farm," "Shipley," "Perseverance,"~~ ^{Farm," "Shipley," "Perseverance,"} ~~"Under the Colours," and "Southall,"~~ ^{"Under the Colours," and "Southall,"} ~~and the latest selections, were rendered~~ ^{and the latest selections, were rendered} ~~in good style.~~ ^{in good style.}

The Winnipeg correspondent of the "Typographical Journal" writes: "An event of unusual occurrence took place the past week, when the Headquarters Band of The Salvation Army serenaded the morning newspapers. Time was called during the rendition of several choice selections, and the boys all appreciated not only the variation from the usual grind, but music of a kind only looked for from class A bands."

ENSIGN WILTSHIRE, SAYS FAREWELL TO LONG POND.

Long Pond.—On Sunday night, Aug. 8th, Ensign H. Wiltshire, who opened the Corps, and who, for thirteen months laboured with us, said good-bye. We shall miss him much. The Ensign has been a great blessing to the Corps. He was well liked by almost everyone.

At his farewell meeting, five backsliders came back to Jesus.

Captain Stickland is our new leader.—Correspondent.

Prince Albert.—Captain Outvens has been welcomed here. Ensign Shepard and Captain McLennan paid us a visit recently.

THE WAR CRY

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GENERAL ORDER.

Harvest Festival Effort 1909

The Annual Harvest Festival Dates are fixed for September 18, 19, 20 and 21.

After August 21st no demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Harvest Festival Fund), must take place in any Corps until the Effort is closed, without permission of Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this order is observed.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Susie Coveyduck, Nfld., to be Captain.
Lieutenant Blanche Whitten, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Ethel Porter, to be Captain.
Lieutenant William Marsh, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Georgina Ash, to be Captain.
Cadet J. W. Clinch, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Sussex.
Cadet George L. Cox, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Hespeler.
Cadet James B. Gray, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Tilsonburg.
Cadet A. George Johnson, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Reid Avenue.
Cadet Robert L. McNicol, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dartmouth.
Cadet F. Pierce, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Westville.
Cadet L. P. Shand, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Carleton Place.
Cadet T. Shaw, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dunnville.
Cadet F. A. Stride, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Nanaimo.
Cadet Wm. J. Terrell, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Carleton.
Cadet Wm. H. Wood, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Campbellford.
W. J. Crocker, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
Cadet Emma Ash, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
Cadet Charles Rodway, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
Cadet Maud Day, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.
Cadet J. Anthony, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Harbor Grace.
Cadet A. J. Moore, St. John's T. G., to be Pro-Lieutenant.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The prevailing complexion at Headquarters just now is a nut-brown hue—most of the Headquarters' Staff having returned from their brief vacation which affords such a respite from the hot offices of a crowded city. This means that the holiday season generally is drawing to a close, and those who have vacated the towns will soon be returning to their homes and settling down for the fall and winter. Within a day or two, the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs will be at Headquarters and thus, the way will be clear for the early work of the fall efforts. May God grant us a mighty outpouring of blessing.



Which Will He Choose?

Many of our readers are, perhaps, in this position. The lusts of the world are put behind. But they halt between Worldly Morality, and Prosperity, and the Cross of Christ—Forgetting that those who suffer with Christ shall reign with Him. They also lose sight of the truth contained in this text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Impressive Funeral Service of the Late Captain Lucy Horwood

CONDUCTED AT LONDON, ONT.

THE funeral services of our late comrade, Captain Lucy Horwood, which were held in London, were of a very impressive character. Naturally, there were large crowds, seeing that the Captain was converted when a child in London I., and went out of this Corps as an Officer. As a Soldier she was a great help in the different branches of the Corps work, and especially the Junior Work. She always had a smile, and was looked upon as a veritable gleam of sunshine wherever she went.

The remains of our dear comrade arrived by C. P. R., on Saturday, July 25th, accompanied by Ensign Horwood (sister) and brother, and Adjutant Tudge, from Winnipeg. Lieutenant Horwood (sister) was also present, together with the other members of the family, who were at the station. The body was taken to Mr. Smith's undertaking rooms, and on Sunday, was taken to the Barracks for the funeral service.

This was to have been conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, but the Colonel was called away to Sar-

As will be seen by the announcements, the Harvest Festival Effort will be the first on the programme. We hope all comrades will begin to prepare the ground for making this a great success. According to accounts, Canada is in a prosperous condition, business will very soon—ac-

cord'g to the present trend of things—be assuming boom proportions, so that humanly speaking, the field is ripe for a bounteous manifestation of man's gratitude to God for His goodness to us as a nation. Let us all do what we can to garner in a successful Harvest Festival Effort.

nia, where he was requested to conduct the funeral of our dear comrades, Ensign and Daisy Brace. In the absence of the Colonel, Major McGillivray, assisted by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and other Officers, conducted the service. The Citadel was crowded many standing outside, testifying to the esteem in which the Captain was held. After the service, which was very touching indeed, the comrades and friends were given the opportunity of taking a last look at all that was mortal of Captain Lucy, and, as the people passed by, one by one, many tears were shed, when they thought of the godly life of our departed comrade. But amidst it all we could feel that at that moment our comrade was singing around the throne. Hallelujah!

There were some splendid floral offerings—one from the Corps where the Captain was stationed (Ferne, B. C.), as well as numbers of others.

The procession to the cemetery, led by The Army Band, was an impressive sight. There were over two hundred comrades in the march, and all along the sidewalks hundreds of people watched the procession, as

it wended its way slowly down the main street of the city. Arriving at the cemetery, the procession marched to the grave, while the Band played softly, "Promoted to Glory."

The service at the graveside was a touching one indeed. As the coffin was lowered slowly into the grave, that grand old hymn was sung, "Shall we gather at the river?" A duet was very feelingly sung by Major Simco and Captain Crocker. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp spoke, and her earnest words will not soon be forgotten. "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," were words spoken by Major McGillivray. After prayer and a consecration hymn, we left the graveside of our dear comrade with the hope on that Morning, of meeting her again.

The memorial service at night was conducted by the Major, assisted by Mrs. Colonel Sharp and other Officers. It was a touching service. Captain Merrett and Mrs. Lewis, who were well acquainted with our late comrade, spoke in the highest terms of her godly life and stating that her example would still speak. Adjutant Tudge spoke, also Mrs. Colonel Sharp. Ensign Horwood (sister) with wonderful fortitude, being upheld by God's power, spoke very touchingly of her sister's godly life and companionship. Major Simco and Captain Crocker sang a touching duet. The Band played and the Songsters sang.

Major McGillivray then spoke from the text, "What is your life?" Two converts were registered at the mercy seat.

May God bless and comfort all the bereaved ones, as we believe He will.—Captain E. Matier.

Captain Tuck has been welcomed to Musgrave Town. Although many comrades are away at the fisheries, we have had some good times.

THE GENERAL Sixth Motor Crusade. Abandons Tour.

OUR AGED LEADER'S EYES ARE
AFFECTED.

Trouble Due to Motor Dust—Now in Guy's Hospital, London, Suffering from Septic Poisoning, According to Oculist's Bulletin.

A special cable to the Mail and Empire, received after we had gone to press, dated, August 18th, says:—

London, August 18.—General William Booth, of The Salvation Army, who started from London on July 14th, for a religious tour of the provinces, has been compelled to return owing to trouble with his eyes. Mr. Higgins, the first surgeon-oculist at Guy's Hospital, stated in a bulletin issued to-day that the aged Salvationist's trouble was due to septic poison. The cause, it was said, had not been clearly ascertained, but probably it was motor dust.

General Booth was operated upon for cataract on December 16th last, and recovered rapidly from the operation.

Will our readers remember our beloved General in prayer.

PERSONALITIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire writes, saying that he will, D. V., leave Liverpool for Canada, on the 26th inst. We shall, of course, be glad to see the Colonel once again.

Brigadier Rawling, left Headquarters for the American Soo, on Tuesday night, August 17. He will also do some property business at the Canadian Soo and Sudbury, returning to T. H. Q., in a few days.

Captain and Mrs. Quaife, who are, at present, at Huntsville, are also rejoicing over the arrival of a baby Cadet—a boy. God bless our comrades and their God-given charges.

Captain Ed. Matier and Lieutenant Kinkade, have been appointed to Essex, Ont.

Captain Sproule, of the East Ontario Province, has been transferred to the Maritime Province. Newcastle, N. B., is his new command.

Captain Leader and Lieutenant Lowry, late of Yorkville, Toronto, have been received with open arms by the St. John's II. Nfld., forces. A typical Newfoundland welcome was accorded them.

Lieutenant R. Clark, late of Quebec, has been appointed to assist Adjutant Sims at the Salvage Department, Toronto.

Captain H. Thomas, of New Brunswick, has been furloughing in Toronto.

We think it worthy of note that Alderman Hilton, a friend of The Army, evidenced splendid sympathy with our work by selling over two hundred tickets for the service, "A Drunkard's Home: Before and After Conversion," given by Riverdale's notorious ex-drunkard, Brother Brown, on Thursday, August 12th.

Mr. John Linden, another good friend of The S. A., especially in the East End of Toronto, inserted in a local paper, a letter of appreciation of the services of Adjutant and Mrs. McElheney, on behalf of the residents in and around Riverdale.

The General Joyously Greeted by Rural England.

Warm-Hearted Villagers, Happy Children, Grateful Ex-Drunkards, the Sick and Bed-Ridden, Unite in Acknowledging Our Leader's Love for the People.

(From the British Cry.)

ALL the week The General has been flying on the wings of the wind. Flying! Flying!

And as he has traversed the highways and by-ways of Suffolk and Norfolk, the countryside has turned out to do him honour.

One of the most characteristic features of these Motor Campaigns is the number of persons who, apparently, come out of nowhere and return again as soon as the Fleet has passed. They wait for hours, patience personified, and feel rewarded with a wave of the hand and a smile as the big White Car flashes by. At Norwich—I do not refer to the towns in the order in which they were visited—a pathetic request came from an invalid lady, who could not get to the meetings, but who was all anxiety to catch a sight of The General's face. For eleven weary years she had been bed-ridden. How could she see him?

The General himself solved the problem. The bed upon which the sick woman lay was pushed close to the window, and the big White Car ran close up to the house, The General waving his cap. A white hand waved in return, a wan face lit up with joy. Afterwards a letter reached The General to say how grateful the friends were for such pleasure as had not been the lot of the patient for years. "I found her," those who write say, "shedding tears of joy which she was helpless to wipe away."

Considering His Extreme Youth.

Here is the secret of The General's popularity: his overwhelming love for the people and his sympathy with all those who are in distress.

The General's, according to his own words, "doing remarkably well, considering his extreme youth." "I never felt more like living in my life," he said to an immense crowd the other night. And the Motor Campaign is going to help him to do it, for his energy is inexhaustible, and his voice stronger than when he left Clapton, on Saturday, July 24th.

Leaving "Holy Suffolk," where we were never out of sight of a church tower—it is said that from one of these, though the country is flat, sixty-six steeples can be counted—the Fleet crossed into Norfolk.

Shortly afterwards occurred an incident which illustrates again The General's great kindness of heart. Adjutant Marshall, an Officer of many years' service, was born in an obscure little Norfolk village, but, leaving the soil, he went into a town, where he was converted, and entered the Work. His old father and mother still live in the cottage on the green. All they knew about the great Organization to which their son belongs, is what they see of him when he is on furlough and conducts open-air meetings on the village green.

Knowing that The General would

pass the door, the Adjutant asked would he give them a wave of the hand. They lived in the third cottage from the cross roads. But how would The General know which cottage? They would wave a large red handkerchief, and they would be dressed in such and such a fashion. So Colonel Whatmore or the pilot kept a sharp look out, and when the red handkerchief was espied, the Fleet was promptly brought to a standstill, and the father and mother were called to the big White Car to shake hands with The General, who thanked them for the gift they had made to the War—a War, as the chairman at Diss said, which knows no cessation.

Mr. Rider Haggard Speaks.

Mr. Rider Haggard was present at the General's afternoon meeting at Bungay, and supported the vote of thanks. He did not believe, he said, that General Booth either wanted or cared for votes of thanks; he knew him too well for that. It was not for that he laboured—there was a spirit of impulsion which drove him forward. He had to work, and woe be to him if he did not work!

Civilisation had not done, Mr. Haggard said, all that it had promised. There were those still who were in poverty and distress; but if the Government had only taken The General's advice and had assisted in establishing co-operators on the land, many of those who were now a burden to the State would have been comfortably situated and earning their own livelihood. He could not have conceived of so happy, united, and contented a community as those he found during his investigations under the aegis of The Salvation Army.

Mr. Haggard, who was deeply touched by The General's fine address, drove over from Ditchingham House, in order to be present.

Wednesday was an extremely light day for The General, as he had only two meetings arranged for, though he managed to do a wayside gathering before the day closed. At East Dereham, in the morning, he spoke in the Corn Exchange.

Sir Frederick Wilson, who supported him, told two good stories. Sir Frederick is a newspaper proprietor, and on one occasion he discovered his new boy sweeping out his office in his red guernsey. The other boys, and even the men, persecuted him, but Sir Frederick said, "I like that boy. I'll look after him. I'll make him an apprentice. And now," Sir Frederick added, "he's one of the best men I have working for me, and still a Salvationist."

A Good Story.

It is the zeal of The Salvation Army Officer which appeals to Sir Frederick Wilson. Two girl-Officers called upon him for a donation. "And how much do you expect from me?" he said, as

he handed out a half-sovereign. "Well," said the Captain, looking at it, "we prayed for a sovereign."

"I hope," The General promptly interrupted, "you answered that prayer, Sir Frederick." He did not deny it.

Sons of the Soil.

From King's Lynn the route was by way of Downham and March to Spalding. At Downham, Sir Thomas Hart introduced The General. Local Salvationists have an excellent name in the town, and are, as a gentleman said, "as honest as the day."

From March we crossed the Lincoln Fens to Spalding, and in one case we crossed the river three times in three minutes, owing to the winding nature of the road, and the engineers on the line gave The General a railway man's salute. We ran through the richest agricultural district, perhaps, in the world, all along the banks of the water-ways. The labourers turned out with their wives and children, and with a little imagination one could easily fancy that it was Holland.

Crowland is a small town in the centre of the Fens, but it has a warm place for The Army. And in the centre of the town The General spoke to the entire population, crowded closely to his Car.

"What is the reason my name is so widely known?" The General asked them. "Why do the people smile and call down the blessing of God upon my head? It is because, as a boy, sixty-five years ago, I consecrated my life to doing good. Not to gratify myself, but for the well-being of mankind."

"Do you think I was mistaken?"

"No!" came the answer.

"Don't you think I did the right thing?"

"Yes!" was the thundering reply.

"Go and do likewise!" was The General's parting thrust.

"None cheer me so heartily," The General said, "as the men from the pubs; and yet they know that I do not help their business." To an Officer a publican said, "General Booth is the greatest enemy I have got, but I admire him all the same, and here is a donation for your work!"

To his visit to Spalding The General looked forward with peculiar pleasure. Nearly fifty years ago he fought for souls in this district, having, as he describes it, "spent sixteen happy months in this neighbourhood. It was a sixteen months' holiday," he says, "and I have never had such a holiday since!" And this although he had sole ministerial oversight of a circuit extending from beyond Boston to Holbeach, and including four towns and about thirty village chapels.

In this place of interesting memories, The General held, at night, a meeting in the Corn Exchange.

The report concludes with the encouraging statement that The General is full of faith and vigour.

Halifax 1.—On Thursday, Aug. 5th, whilst the meeting was in progress, two persons rushed to the mercy seat and found salvation. They returned and gave God the glory. Adjutant Sheard has received a hearty welcome at No. 1.

High River.—On Sunday, Aug. 8th, two persons sought a higher experience, and one salvation. Three comrades were enrolled under the Flag. Sergeant Honeychurch and Candidate Fullerton, of Calgary, were with us.

Two surrenders are reported from Campbellford.

The Week-End's Despatches.

HOT WEATHER AND HOT TIMES AT THE CORPS.

The Fire of the Holy Ghost Burns Up Sin and Selfishness—Many are Getting Saved—Hallelujah!

THE SINGING EVANGELIST.

Makes Good Impression at Perth.

Perth, Ont.—Brigadier Adby, the Singing Evangelist conducted a series of meetings in this town from July 20th to 29th. Those who were fortunate enough to hear him were delighted with his singing and preaching. The Brigadier is an able man on the platform. He gave two lectures while here, "Songs that have helped, and Stories connected with them," and "From the world's end to a Salvation Army platform."

The former was given in the Town Hall, on Sunday afternoon, and was much appreciated. The latter, in The Army Hall, was also very interesting.

The Brigadier has seen some wonderful things during his twenty-five years' service as an Army Officer. It almost makes one envy his experience.

The crowds gathered on the street at the open-air meetings, and in the Hall, to hear his bright, breezy addresses and singing. We feel sure that some of the seed sown in Perth has fallen on good ground.—Observer.

HELD THE BABY.

While Mother Sought Salvation.

Regina.—Advantage was taken of the annual fair and good crowds gathered around the open-air rings and listened attentively to the singing and testimonies. Last Sunday evening four persons knelt at the mercy seat at the close of the meeting one being a young mother, whose baby was held by a Sister while she made her way to the penitent form.

Lieutenant Torrance, of Moose Jaw, is assisting our Officers, who have been bravely holding on alone since Captain Askin left us.—E. B.

A very impressive memorial service for the late Captain L. Horwood, was conducted in the Vancouver H. Hall, by Mrs. Staff-Captain Wakefield and Staff-Captain Goodwin, assisted by the Corps Officers. Some of the comrades who nobly stood by Captain Horwood while she was Officer of Vancouver H. Corps, made some very touching remarks as to the Captain's loyalty to God and The Army.—G. W. F.

Chatham, N. B.—A husband and wife found pardon during the past week. Saturday being "Circus Day" a large crowd of strangers were in town. We secured the Masonic Hall and served dinner and tea to a goodly number. Proceeds, \$57.00, went to Citadel Fund.

Winnipeg H.—Ensign Sheppard and Captain McLennan have farewelled, after a successful stay of nine months. Two souls were saved in their last meeting.

On Monday, August 9th, one soul found salvation at Deseronto. Finances are increasing, War Crys are selling well, and open-air meetings are much appreciated.

A NEW CAPTAIN.

Visitors Render Assistance.

Captain Kinney has lately arrived at Shelburne, N. S., and is proving herself a capable assistant to our Officer, Captain Jones.

On Friday, July 31st, a special service was held in our Hall, which was well filled long before the commencement of the same. Captain Backus was with us on this occasion. His lectures with lantern views are always looked forward to and enjoyed, and this one, "Jessica's Mother," was especially good.

Captain Miller, of Liverpool, has visited this Corps, taking charge of the last week-end meetings, when a woman claimed salvation.—M. Enslow.

WELCOMED NEW OFFICERS.

The First-Fruits of Their Labours.

St. John's, Nfld.—On Sunday, August 8th the comrades gave a hearty welcome to Captain Leader and Lieutenant Lowry, late of Toronto, Staff-Captain Barr introduced our new leaders. Bandmaster Horwood and his Band of No. 1, rendered splendid service all day.

At night Captain Leader had the joy of leading her first soul in Newfoundland and to God.—Corps Cor.

The S. A. is forging ahead in busy Dunnville. On Sunday night, August 15th, Captain Carter led on. Four backsliders returned to the fold. Captain Murdock and Lieutenant Shaw are making things "go" here.

UNITED FOR THE WAR.

Two Locals Join Forces.

A Hallelujah Wedding took place in Midland Citadel on the evening of Tuesday, August 10th, when Sister Ada Gillbank, J. S. Treasurer, and Brother Mors Church, Corps Sergeant-Major, were united in marriage.

SPLENDID NEWS FROM LINDSAY.

Lieut.-Col. Howell a Visitor.

Lindsay.—Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Howell, assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Thompson, of the Immigration Department, led the meetings on Sunday, August 15th. Rain somewhat decreased the attendances and open-air operations, but the meetings lost none of their vitality and "go." The Colonel's address in the holiness meeting was based upon Psalm 139, 23rd verse: "Search me O God and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts." His apt illustration of the search-light in operation on a river steamer, was a blessing to many hearts.

Adjutant Thompson's talks were much enjoyed. Mrs. Colonel Howell addressed the meeting at night, and her daughter Eva sang tenderly and feelingly.

Major McLean, our D. O., and Captain During recently spent a very successful week-end here.

On Saturday night the Major gave part of his twenty-one years' experience in S. A. warfare, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Another open-air meeting was held afterwards. Large crowds gathered, and one man who was much concerned about his soul, asked for our prayers.

On Sunday we were reinforced by several visiting Officers. Ensign Meeks and Captains Lamb and Kelly who took part in all the meetings.

The holiness meeting was a time of blessing and four comrades sought full salvation.

In the afternoon, the announcement that "Prescriptions For All Ailments Would Be Given Out," brought a good crowd to the inside meeting, where Jesus, the Great Physician, was lifted up.

We are able to report several conversions recently.

We have just welcomed Brother and Sister Dark and family, from England.

FIVE ENROLLED.

Port Blandford.—One of our Soldiers said good-bye on Sunday. He has gone to Grand Falls, to labour for the remainder of the summer. A good crowd came to hear his last testimony for some time to come.

We were glad to welcome some of our comrades back on Sunday, when five were also sworn-in under the Colours.—H. Dicks, Lieutenant.

Charlottetown, Nfld.—Staff-Captain Barr has been to see us. We enjoyed his visit very much, as did the crowd, which is usually composed of women only, seeing that all the men are away. One soul sought the pardoning Saviour, and two more who held up their hands for prayer have since come to God.—C. Peach, Lieut.

Hamilton H.—A four weeks' special campaign is on here. Major Green opened the Campaign on Saturday, August 7th. Brother Norman assisted in the Sunday night meeting.

On Wednesday our annual Junior Picnic was held at Ainslie Woods. Sister Mrs. Martin arranged matters splendidly.—J. M.

Famish Cove, Nfld.—Salvation was claimed by two comrades on Sunday, August 8th.

THE DATES

FOR THE

HARVEST FESTIVAL EFFORT

HAVE BEEN FIXED FOR

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th & 21st, inclusive.

BERLIN'S BIG DOINGS.

A Record Offering.

"The Salvation Army got a record breaking collection from the bowlers in front of the Walper House last evening."

This paragraph, which appeared in a Berlin paper, is strictly true, for in five minutes, over \$14.00 was thrown on the drum, which two men belonging to a bowling club visiting the town carried around to the crowd. A great open-air meeting was held.

Lieutenant Marsland has been welcomed.

A young man recently gave God his heart.—J. B.

SPECIAL TIMES.

St. George's, Bermuda.—On August 5th, we had a special musical meeting, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The week-end meetings were of great spiritual blessing to all. On Sunday night, two souls sought pardon. On Monday, August 9th, the comrades of the different Corps met here for a united meeting, at the close of which we had an Ice Cream Social.—G. S. T.

St. Stephen, N. B.—Lieutenant Davies is leading on. The New Aberdeen Band recently visited us. The music was much enjoyed.

Our Secretary, Brother C. Williams, has a scheme in hand which is already making a noise like a new drum.—C. C.

The ceremony was performed by Major McLean, assisted by Major D. Creighton. We all wish Brother and Sister Church every happiness.

The Hall was very tastefully decorated by Ensign and Mrs. Piercy, assisted by the Soldiers. A large party assembled at the bride's home after the ceremony and appropriately celebrated the happy event.

BERMUDIAN ITEMS.

Hamilton, Ber.—On July 30th, one soul sought salvation, and on Sunday night, August 1st, two Sisters found peace and pardon. Adjutant Douglas and Captain Schroeder, American Officers, led the latter meeting. Rev. Mr. Williams, of Chicago, assisted.

A united meeting was held at Southampton on July 26th. Captain Parker appreciated the lift, by the way, and we appreciated the ice cream served by Mrs. Ensign Smith and Treasurer White, very much.—E. J.

Lisgar Street.—On Sunday night two souls came forward for salvation. Several comrades have recently been welcomed, among them being Sister Mrs. Humphrey (nee Adjutant Magahar, of the U.S.A.), whose assistance in the Corps is being much appreciated.

Ottawa I.—Major and Mrs. Taylor, and their two children, of Montreal, were with us on Sunday last. They took charge all day and God's Spirit was felt in every meeting.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CAPTAIN L. HORWOOD.

Five Seekers at the Cross.

Victoria, B. C.—On Sunday night, the Citadel was well filled for the memorial service. The Bible reading was taken by Staff-Captain Hayes, from Job xiv., and the solemn words brought before all who listened, the realities of time and eternity.

After the Songster Brigade had sung, "Be in Time," Mrs. McGregor, the Recruiting-Sergeant, who spent many years in the East as an Officer, spoke of the beautiful record that Captain Horwood and her sister, the Ensign had left wherever they had been stationed.

The Band played, as a selection, the beautiful song that became so familiar at the time of Mrs. Booth's death:

"We shall walk through the Valley of Death,
We shall walk through the Valley in peace;
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
As we walk through the Valley in peace."

And then the Band-Sergeant of Vancouver No. 1. Corps, was called on.

This comrade, who was in Victoria for a short visit, had known the Captain while stationed with her sister at No. II. Corps, and spoke of her happy, cheery disposition, and the whole-hearted devotion which she had always put into her work.

Captain Knudson sang, "Tell me the story of Jesus," the solo that Captain Horwood had sung on a Sunday night less than a year ago, when she and her sister assisted in the meeting.

Another comrade, Sister Mrs. Wilson, who had fought as a Soldier in Rosland, when members were few and the work hard and discouraging, told of the brave Captain and her sister standing almost alone night after night, in the open-air, and carrying out her other duties with always a smile on her face and a word of cheer for all, in spite of difficulties. Even the little children were attracted to her and followed her about.

Staff-Captain Hayes spoke from the words taken from the Bible, reading, "But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Amid a deep hush that fell on the congregation, the Staff-Captain related the details of the accident that caused her death, and what was known of the few days of suffering before she was taken into the presence of the Saviour.

Hard, indeed, must have been the heart that was not touched, if such were possible. The Staff-Captain then called for volunteers to take up the cross, and as far as possible fill the vacant place. It was a hard struggle for many, to whom God had pointed out the way wherein they should walk, and for a little while it seemed as though no one would yield, but before closing the meeting, three sisters and two brothers were kneeling at the penitent form for salvation or consecration.

While praying for these, our Chinese Soldier, "Charley," was praying with a countryman of his in a corner, and he, too, testified with the others that God had changed his heart. On Monday night four more came out for salvation.—A. E. T.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Would You Like a Ten Dollar Bill to Help You Get Those Christmas Presents?

WE KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET ONE.

Important to Married Male Officers.

OUR Short Story Competition for the 1909 Christmas Cry, will be limited to married male Officers, as we want to give the men a chance. Staff-Captain Goodwin won the bill for the 1907 competition, and Mrs. Captain Hanagan for that of 1908. What's the matter with the men? Don't you know a good story? Well, talk to those who do, and get them to tell you one, then send it on to us, and if it is the best sent in, why, we will send you a ten dollar bill. See!

The Competition stories will appear under one heading, entitled:

"CHRISTMAS EVE CONFAB,"

and each story must conform to the following conditions.

1. The story must relate to the War in Canada or Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed five hundred words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, or may have been told to the writer by

some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the veracity of the incident.

4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's salvation, and the effectiveness of Army methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answers to prayer, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open-air or Hall, etc.

Note.—That which constitutes the best story will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story, the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted, the more instructive will be the incident.

For the best story of this class we shall give ten dollars—the readers of the War Cry will decide which is the best.

Stories received after the last of September will not be eligible for this competition.

Chat with your people, get a story from them, and send it to us right away.

reward. The Colonel, anxious to come as close to the suffering man as possible, told him of his own indisposition. Major Rogers replied (the Colonel showed the writer the letter in relating the incident) that he felt sure the Lord was calling him away from the scenes of earth, and he was glad of it, and furthermore, he had the conviction that he (Colonel Hicks) would not be long in rejoining him in the other world. Alas! how true the realisation!

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Acknowledges Army Greetings.

While staying at Watford for the week-end as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, His Majesty the King, on his way to church, met The Army march.

A halt was made by the Salvationists, and the Band proceeded to play the National Anthem.

His Majesty graciously acknowledged this token of respect by raising his hat and smiling genially.

Farther along the route, the Boys' Band showed its loyalty in a similar way.

Barrie.—Major and Mrs. Green were with us on August 14-15. The Major conducted a series of Holiness meetings, and one soul claimed victory.

Essex.—Two souls were saved during the week-end, August 14 and 15, when our new leaders, Captain Matier and Lieutenant Kinkade were welcomed.—Corps Correspondent.

Saving is sometimes by losing. It is losing one's life in devotion to Christ and His service that saves a life for heavenly honor and glory.

BEGINNINGS OF BACKSLIDING.

(Continued from page 8.)

face the facts of your own life and heart.

But no matter what uncertainty may surround the beginnings of some of our backslidings, there can be no mistake about the end. Every sin has its seed in itself, and one such seed will bring an inevitable crop of death. The fruit of sin is death; the wages of sin is death; the end of sin is death.

But death has many manifestations. It is to be seen around us in various forms. We call the withered leaf as it falls from the tree, dead. The blind man's seeing power we say are dead. The arm that is insensible and useless from paralysis is dead. The ears that can no longer hear are dead.

Now, one of the commonest dangers of backsliders, and a proof that the terrible disorders of the soul are working out towards the death of all hope, is to be found in the feeling that they cannot help themselves. It is, of course, all a lying delusion. Here is a man asleep in a burning building. Break down the door; pour in some more water. Now try a rush; the smoke is binding and overpowering. Ah, here he is—now shake him. "Wake up, man! Fire! You are lost! unless you leap for your life!" What does he say?

"I am not going to hurry. Let me alone. I can't see any fire."

The fact that he can't see any fire or any danger, and wants to be left alone, is the greatest danger of all.

And so it is with the soul. The backslider, who for years saw and knew what a true life means, knows that a mere profession is no good at all; he knows that any attempt at getting right, which only leads a man in a sort of back-seat religion, will not last many hours. He knows that the world will make large demands upon him if he professes to be right, and, as he looks up at the great height from which he has fallen, it seems hopeless ever to climb there any more. The longer he looks the more difficult it seems to climb, until at last he gives up in despair.

It is the death of faith that really brings about the fatal end of the backslider. You cannot keep turning away from God without gradually getting to feel as though He had no interest in you. Calvary is a long way off, and gets further and further away from the man who acts merely upon his senses. All the great realities of God's mercy and Christ's love gradually fade away, until at last faith expires and hope is dead.

And so life rushes away! The number of those who die and go to hell under the deadening sensations of a vague hope or despair can never be estimated. It is awful to think of! It is horrible to find how many backsliders—dead to any real knowledge of God's love or their own danger—there are all around us.

And yet how great is the mercy of God! What a proof of it is to be found in your spared life, backslider! Oh, come back! Come back! He calls you. We call you. Your place with us is still empty. No one can fill it but you. If we seemed to wrong you, we deplore it. Let us at least have the chance to be forgiven.

Your Father seeks you as a lost son or daughter. He deserves your love even more than before you left home. Come back!!

Your place is empty.

Israel in London.

How the Hebrew Lives in Whitechapel.



A Jewish "Penny Show," Whitechapel Road.

DURING how many centuries Whitechapel and the neighbouring parishes of the Metropolis have been the resort and chief abiding-place of the "Children of Israel" in England it would probably be somewhat difficult to determine with any degree of exactness. But it may be stated with perfect certainty that this was the first place that they colonised after they did land in this country.

Since that time they have had many ups and downs. They have been driven out of the land by various monarchs, and allowed to come in again by others; they have been kept out of all share in the government of the country of their adoption, and they have again been permitted to take a prominent part in its Cabinet Councils; they have been persecuted by those around them, and they have been fettered handsomely. But through all these changes and chances the Jew has remained faithful to his original settlement in Whitechapel, and there to-day he still remains, and is more in evidence than ever. The stranger who would see the Jew as he really is, at his best and at his worst, should pay a visit to the principal thoroughfare in the district named at two quite different times. The one should be on an ordinary working day, and the other on the holiday of the sons of Jacob—the Passover feast for preference.

Middlesex Street may be taken as being the headquarters of the Jewish trader in Whitechapel. It is more famous in history and romance under its ancient name of Petticoat Lane. When the authorities changed the cognomen of the celebrated street, when they had some old buildings pulled down and had better ones erected, they quite altered the aspect of the thoroughfare, but they could not alter the habits and manners of its denizens. For many centuries of oppression, generations of troubles and trials, had not been able to do that; so it was not likely that any London Council would manage such a Herculean task.

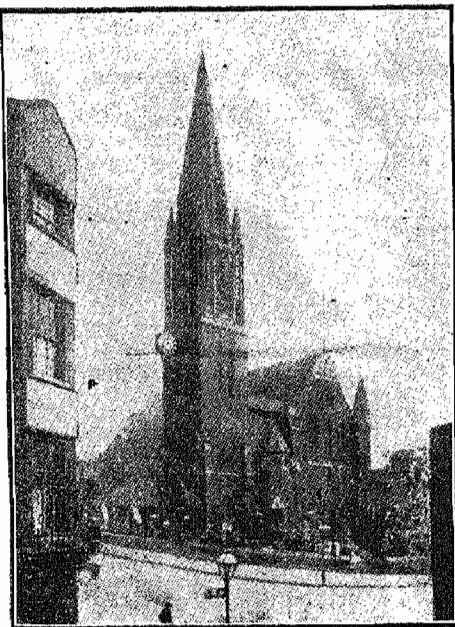
So the Jews remain to-day in Middlesex Street and its off-shoots just about the same as they ever did—a foreign colony from Western Asia in the heart of England's capital. In one thing the Jew has lately changed, and that is in the amount of room he takes up in East London, for his area is rapidly spreading. Whereas the Jew used to be almost confined to an area of some three hundred yards or so, in a circle from Petticoat Lane as a centre, he now extends nearly five times that distance. He has overflowed into the Commercial Road and occupies a large part of it; he has extended far along the splendid Mile End Road; his shops and houses go back from Whitechapel Road until

one comes to Liverpool Street and Moorgate Street. Shoreditch has long been his, and Clerkenwell knows much of his invasion.

The district inhabited by the Israelite colony in London cannot be said to be salubrious. At its best, from its situation, it has none too much fresh air; but the habits of its denizens only make bad infinitely worse. To stroll down Middlesex Street on any ordinary day is to invite death from suffocation or poisoning. The fetid smells, the nauseous odours from dirty shops, fried fish establishments, meat-shops, and unclean houses, are not easily to be described. They must be felt for one to recognise what life is in the East End of London, where the Jew lives. Off Middlesex Street there are back courts crowded with houses where two or three families often join in living and paying the rent—with what effect to their manners and morals is easily guessed.

And the squalor and malodorous character of these courts. Even in winter one feels it terribly; but in summer—ugh! I flatter myself I know most of the foreign quarters of the East End, but the districts of the most benighted of Chinese and Hindus, to say nothing of the Irish and poorest English, are simply Paradise to the dirt and squalor of the Jewish district. Wentworth Street, when it is holding its market, will convince any "doubting Thomas" of the truth of these words.

The Jew has, nevertheless, many excellent traits, which the wanderer into his regions in Whitechapel will soon discover. He is a capital busi-



St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel. Where Christian services are conducted in Hebrew.

ness-man; he is, despite what Englishmen think, very generous, especially to his own countrymen and his own charities; he is usually a kind and affectionate father and husband. Above all, he is staunch, even to death, to the religion of his fathers, and neither persecution nor trials can make him forget that and its commanded observances. He keeps the various feasts of his race there in Whitechapel just as religiously as his fathers did in olden days in Jerusalem itself; his attendance at the synagogue is as marked in this district as was theirs in Nazareth two thousand years ago.

Where it not for the dirt which seems to dog the habitation and life of every Eastern native, and of the Israelite in particular, the Jew would be almost a model citizen. One thing will strike the visitor to any Jewish colony—whether it be in Whitechapel, or in Birmingham, or in that "delightful" district of Leeds, the Leylands—and that is the number of children possessed by each family. The streets swarm with little members of the "Chosen People" to an extent which simply surprises him, and which makes any attempt to drive along them fraught with much danger to somebody's life and limb.

When any feast comes round—and these functions seem to arrive for the Jew almost every other week—Middlesex Street and Houndsditch put on their best attire and saunter forth to see and be seen. The wide and fine Whitechapel Road is the recognised promenade on such festive days, and here motley groups may be noticed parading backwards and forwards, clad in garments which display all the colours of the rainbow, and some others which that natural phenomenon cannot boast. Jacob struts with a brand-new plumb-coloured waistcoat; Rachel has a yellow frock with a sky-blue hat; and Solomon feels "arrayed in all his glory" with a pair of white trousers, a pink vest, a black coat, and a silk hat, which, added to the overpowering effect of a tie whose pattern is a plaid of scarlet and green and green, make him a really striking picture.

No seaside promenade in the kingdom rivals Whitechapel Road at such a time for show and colour; it could give Brighton or Scarborough points and then win easily. And there is, through it all, a sense of freedom and noisy joyousness which does not make the scene less attractive. This is the Jew at his best, as against the dreary Petticoat Lane of other times.

In olden days the chief trade of the famous street was done on Sunday mornings, and consisted especially of dealing in old clothes and similar articles. Even to-day these form no small portion of the characteristics of Wentworth Street and its offshoots. But there have arisen new factories and warehouses for the making and storing of shoddy clothes, which, are too often paid for by the blood and sweat of the poor Jews in the district, who are sweated by hard-hearted taskmasters of their own race to an extent which Pharaoh and his minions in Egypt during the bondage there would have been heartily ashamed of. And this is in Christian England. When women are paid four cents for making a shirt; when a pair of men's trousers have to be made—and all necessaries found into the bargain—for the meagre sum of thirty-six cents, surely it is time somebody in this country did something to put down such a system, which would be a disgrace to the most ignorant and barbarous land on earth.

Houndsditch, however, scorns the clothing trade, and gives itself over to the selling of toys and such fancy nicknacks. Here Jewish merchants try to get rid of as much glass-ware, ornamental vases, and silvered brooches as possible. The names which greet one on every hand in the portion of London which stretches from Aldgate to Moorgate, such names as Benolli, Levy, Abraham, Jacobs, Bernheim, etc., leave no doubt as to the nationality of their owners or their original country.

There are many curious signs to the visitor who knows how to read them as to the utter ascendancy which the Hebrew has attained in the district east of Aldgate Pump. As one walks along one is struck constantly with the extent to which the Hebrew language is used over a wide area in

advertising all kinds of wares and things. The two most noticeable instances of this are with regard to the churches and the places of amusement. The theatres of the neighbourhood have bills and programmes specially printed for the benefit of the youthful Isaacs and Leahs who wish to patronise them, but who may find a difficulty in quite comprehending "what it all means" in the language of the Anglo-Saxon. The forms of dramatic art were, it is well known, favoured by the earlier ancestors of the Jews, and, indeed, we to-day owe something to them in this matter; but it is strange to think, nevertheless, that this is the way we repay them the debt.

As to the services of the church, nearly all the edifices belonging to the established Church of England about this district, make special efforts to attract the Hebrew, by holding services particularly for him in his own language, and many bills can be seen informing him that St. Mary's, Whitechapel, or some other church will have a service in his special behalf, with a Hebrew preacher to boot. These bills are nearly always printed in Hebrew, though occasionally the announcements are in both that language and English on the same bill.

I am told that, as a rule, these services are much better attended than one would generally suppose, knowing what a stubborn character the Jew is in all that concerns the faith and religion of his fathers. When holidays are on, the churches offer more services and attractions of a social kind to the many Hebrew parishioners who have time on their hands, and do not know what to do with it.

Dull as life in the Jewish quarter of Whitechapel too often is, owing to the poverty that abounds, and to the constant need of every member of a family being at work, work, work, yet Middlesex Street and its surroundings



A Jewish Auctioneer in Petticoat Lane.

have their times of mirth as well as their times of sorrow. They are great when there is a wedding to be celebrated, and this is often. The Jewish wedding ceremony is a curious one. And with these people, too, the betrothal ceremony is a much more serious affair, that it is with us. It is needless to say that at a wedding the display of finery comes out more prominently than ever. The most striking part of the bride's dress is probably her bridal veil; the most striking novelty of the rite in the synagogue is doubtless the breaking of a wine-glass after the contracting parties have each drunk of the wine that it contained. This is, no doubt, to attest their complete union, and is so novel to one who has not seen it done that it always makes the most impression on him of any part of the ceremony.

As to the funeral rites, when any Jew dies, there are still the same practices carried out as there were in ancient Palestine. There are still the paid mourners, who keep up for a whole night a terrible wailing, to the great annoyance of any neighbour who does not happen to be of the same faith and to have the same belief in its efficacy.

Other customs, so often read about in Holy Writ and other books, but seldom seen by the ordinary Englishman, can be found here in Whitechapel flourishing vigorously. The married women among the Jews still cover their heads with a close-fitting black cap; the profusion of sham jewellery, as well as real, seen on every Hebrew, man or woman, would seem to indicate that they yet preserve the same trait which led their fellows of days gone by in Egypt to

(Continued on page 14).

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

DIA.

Colonel Sukh Singh, who had the superintendence of the Central Training Home, in addition to his duties as Territorial Commander, has conducted Officers' meetings at the request of his Divisional Headquarters. Very successful and powerful gatherings were held.

The annual examination of the Muktipur School, which is situated in the Salvation Army village, has just been completed. Out of seventy-two children who appeared for the examination, sixty have passed.

Every now and again the hatred of the highest caste people of the Brahmin country of Travancore breaks out against the low caste Officers.

Several high caste men recently fell on, and severely beat one of our men, or low caste Officers, tearing a red jacket off him. Fortunately, able witnesses saw the assault, and the case at the Sessions has just been concluded, with the result that one of the men has received six years' imprisonment, and four others, three years' each. This is a result far beyond our wishes in the matter, but it has a deterrent effect upon others like-minded.

Colonel Nurani has recently held some interesting meetings in two villages lately opened. Just over one hundred converts were waiting to be baptized under the flag. The ceremony also included that of the change of names from heathen to Christian. On the same tour, the Colonel held a meeting at a village which was one of the first to come over to The Army, some nineteen years ago. The Soldiers here were full of enthusiasm and eagerness for further blessing, and made touching reference to their meetings so long ago.

VA.

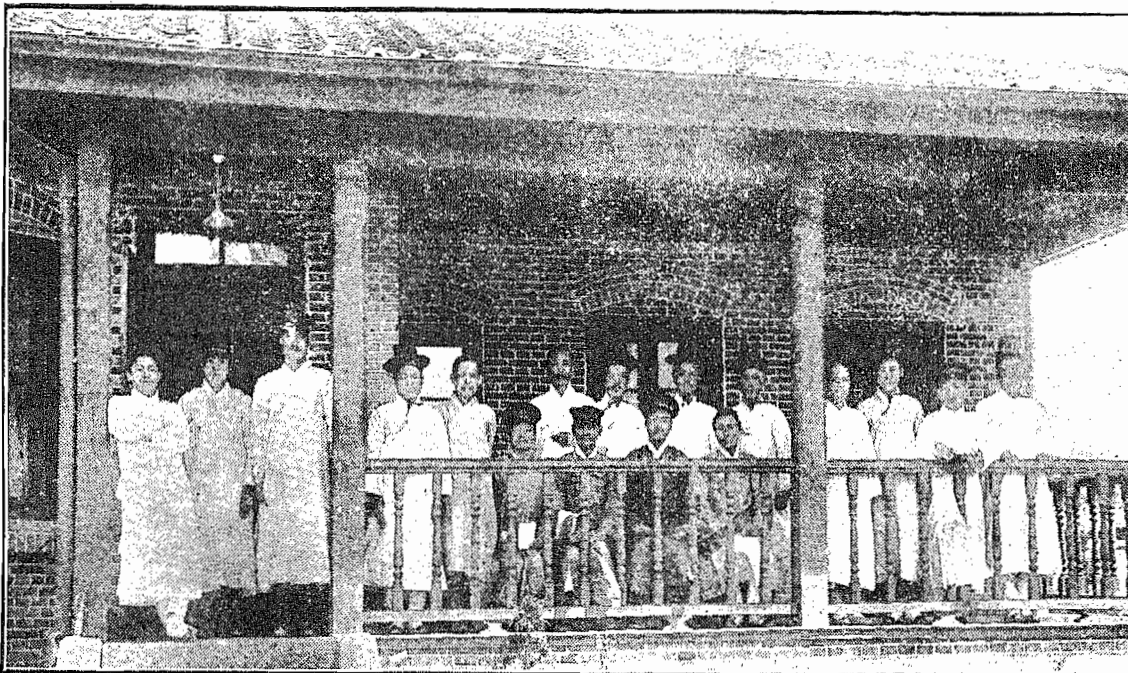
Lieut.-Colonel Van Rossum, who has been in charge of our work in Africa, has now returned with his family to Europe, and is at present staying in Holland. After spending a week or two there, the Colonel will be coming to this country for a few weeks' much-needed furlough, before proceeding to take charge of his new appointment in South Africa.

NL.

A recent donation received at the headquarters, shows clearly the standing of The Army in Helsingfors. A young swell got into some trouble in the city, and the police master gave him the option of paying a fine of F. s. 75, to The Salvation Army, or being prosecuted. He gladly paid the money to The Army, towards the work amongst poor children.

WITZERLAND.

In Orbe, a small town in French Switzerland, considerable difficulty occurred with the authorities with regard to the taking up of open-air lectures. Both the Captain and Lieutenant have been fined, the amount in the latter case, no less than Frs. 200. The case, however,



Korean Cadets at the Training Home, Seoul.

has been taken to the courts, and, after a long and careful hearing, the Lieutenant was finally acquitted.

FRANCE.

Colonel Fornachon has dedicated a Hall, which has been built in this town through the generosity of Sergeant-Major Moillet. It occupies a fine site in the midst of the forest, but with a considerable population within easy reach. It has been named "Mont du Salut"—Salvation Mount. The opening meetings were crowded, and of the most enthusiastic character. Brigadier Jeanmonod, who was stationed here in days gone by, was present, and assisted with great acceptance.

Lieut.-Colonel Peyron was the leader in a series of splendid meetings in the South of France at a place called Ganges. A massed open-air demonstration was one of the chief engagements, and this passed off with very great success. This may be considered exceptional for France.

UNITED STATES.

A lady called at the National Headquarters a few days ago with a gift of \$250.00, which it appears her husband bequeathed in his will to The Salvation Army. The lady would not

leave her name or address but simply stated it was a gift from God to The Army.

The Fresh Air Camp Campaign is now in full swing in the U. S. A. Twelve hundred poor mothers and children were recently taken by Colonel Holtz to Burlington, Island Park. Three hundred were treated in a similar manner in Mobile, Ala; two hundred at Macon, Ga., a large number at Greenville, S. C., and five hundred respectively at Trenton, N. J., and Wilmington, Del.

The Commander had arranged to Commission seventy Cadets last week in the Memorial Hall, New York. A special feature of the meeting was to be a Public Demonstration in "First Aid," both lads and lassies taking part in what bids fair to be an occasion of very special interest.

It is of interest to note that a splendid building is being erected for the use of the Corps close to the world-famous Niagara Falls. The structure is some four storeys high, and is admirably suited for Salvation Army purposes.

Adjutant Wilkins, of the Northern Pacific Province, has had some gruesome experiences of late. While visiting a man in the condemned cell who is to be hanged in a few days, he viewed the remains of a convict who

was shot by a prison guard while in mortal combat with a fellow prisoner, the instruments used being prison shears used by employees in the jute mill. Both disputants were shot, this one fatally.

The Salvation Army is deeply indebted to that genuine philanthropist, Miss Helen Gould, for the use of the spacious playground attached to her estate at Lyndhurst, near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, on Tuesday, Aug. 10th. This makes it possible for The Army to take a party of five hundred poor children from New York City and vicinity for a day's outing of the most pleasant and invigorating description.

Miss Gould will pay all the expenses involved by train and trolley, leaving The Army the bill for lunches, games and incidentals. The Seigel-Cooper Company will put up the lunches in boxes. Each Corps in the Metropolitan area will contribute its quota of beneficiaries specially selected. The special train leaves the New York Central depot at 9 a. m. sharp.

Colonel Margetts, patriarch of the Juniors, will see that the redoubtable five hundred have the best of good times. Who more capable for the purpose?

TRAINING COLLEGE PRINCIPAL.

Commissioner Rees Heartily Welcomed by the Training Staff.

In a gathering that was no less delightful because informal in character, Commissioner Rees was recently given an appreciative welcome by the Staff of the International Training College. The object of the occasion was happily defined by Commissioner Howard, who presided, as the re-establishing of the connection between the past and the present.

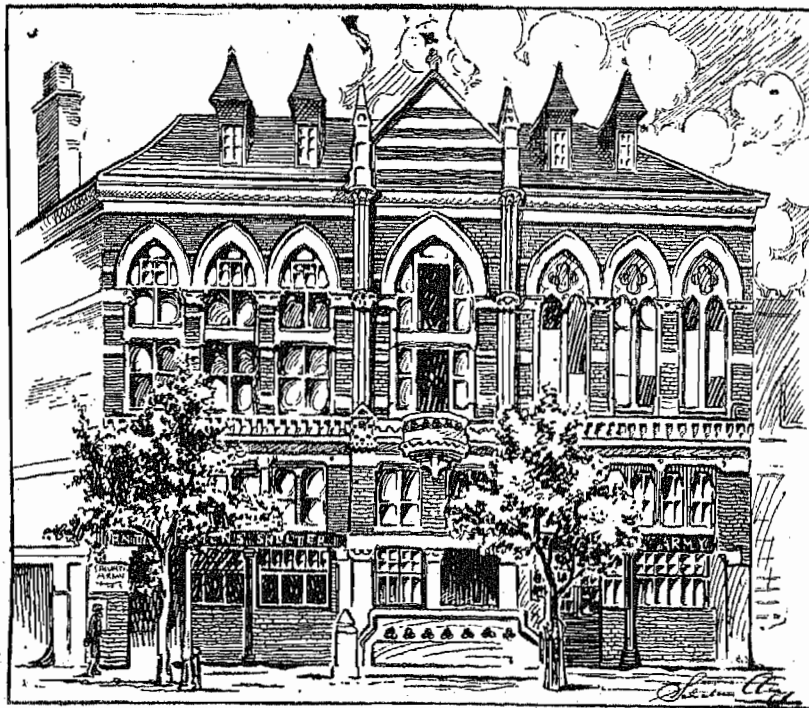
Having referred to the Commissioner's previous eight and a-half years at Clapton, the Foreign Secretary spoke highly of what he had done for the Training Homes in Sweden, improving them, and bringing them into line with the Clapton Institution.

As Vice-Principal, Colonel Dean, on behalf of all sections of the Training Staff, assured Commissioner Rees of their loyal support.

With deep feeling the Commissioner replied, informing the gathering that his five years' absence from the Training centre had not lessened in the slightest degree his interest in the work it represented.

As The General and the Chief had so often said, he believed The Army was only on the threshold of what was possible in the way of re-creation of character and the development of the gifts and graces of sanctified young men and women.

Temple.—Two persons received forgiveness of sins on Sunday last, and a backslider returned to God on Monday.



A Salvation Army Social Institution In England, Recently Opened by The General.

Travels in a Thirsty Land.

BEING THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF A SALVATION
ARMY OFFICER IN QUEENSLAND.

What it Means to Do Out-Back Duty in the Northern State of Australia.

No. 1.—A TRIP TO THE "NEVER-
NEVER."

BEFORE Captain Cross tells his interesting experiences in Queensland, it will be as well to know something of the lay of the country in which he was located. Winton, his headquarters, is a town of some importance, being the terminus of the Northern railway running via Hughenden from Townsville, and it is 1,013 miles north-west of Brisbane. It is in the Gregory district, the least known district in Queensland, where, at Cooper's Creek, the intrepid but unfortunate explorers, Burke and Wills, perished. Winton is a post town situated on the north side of the Western River, but is dependent almost wholly for its water supply upon an artesian bore. This was sunk to a depth of 4,010 feet, and yields about 650,000 gallons of water a day, while a reticulation scheme has been successfully established, supplying dams and tanks along the main stock routes to the large stations that lie out back. The water from this bore

Comes Out of Boiling Heat,

and in support of this statement, Captain Cross tells the following incident: "On one occasion, Major Gist, Ensign McLean, Lieutenant Setterfield and myself paid a visit to this bore, taking with us a supply of potatoes and tea. Within twenty feet of the bore is a small running stream of clear, cold water. We fished in this stream and caught some small yellow-bellies, which, with the potatoes, we cooked with the bore water, and brewed our tea with the same, enjoying a good meal." Rain at Winton is only a casual visitor, and if local authorities can be believed, children have grown up there to the ages of ten and twelve without having seen a shower. Maybe they were born blind, or perhaps the tropical storms which now and again are experienced can hardly be termed "showers." Prior to the sinking of the bore the township suffered badly at times from drought and dearth of water is one of the terrors that have to be faced all over that western country. Now we will let Captain Cross tell his story:—

Shortly after I came to Winton, I decided to try a trip out-back, in the interests of Self-Denial. It was the summer of 1906-7, and the shearing season being on, I reckoned on a profitable trip and good spiritual opportunities. Consulting a map, the journey did not present any difficulties, as between Winton and Boulia (about 250 miles distant), which I intended to make my objective several towns, as I took them to be, and stations were marked. For this reason, and being unacquainted with the country, I took nothing with me, not even a waterbag. I just jumped on my bike and started off. I intended making my first camp Collingwood, which the chart showed me was about forty miles from Winton. I arrived there to find the town consisted of

A Solitary Post,

with an outstretched arm bearing on it one word—"Cork." There was no sign of habitation nor of life of any kind, not even a solitary dog. I pushed on, and got as far as Elderslie, a shearing station. Here I was well received, and, after a meeting with the shearers, turned in, sleeping on an extemporised bed of wool bales. Next morning I resumed my journey, and found travelling rather heavy, as I had to pedal my machine through about two inches of black dust all the way till I came to a range of high hills



"The Town Consisted of a Solitary Post, Bearing the One Word—Cork."

called the Table Top Mountains. The formation of these is very singular. After sloping upward half way, the sides rise perpendicularly, and at the top is found a flat table land. They are composed of a sort of baked clay, and when one picks up some of this it is found to consist of particles the same shape as the hills themselves. Schistose opal is found here, but having no fire, is valueless commercially. I came across some slight indications of gold country about here, although it is generally said opal and gold never go together. I camped that night on the mountains, without having been able to get any water. It had been hot and thirsty travelling during the day, but was cold enough now, so I lit a fire on either side and broke down some boughs off a coolibah tree to serve for a bed. The want of water made me restless; otherwise I was not uncomfortable. I reached Woodstock Station next day, and found abundance of water, not only to drink, but for a good wash, which I wanted badly. Here I saw

My First Large Snake

in its natural state. It was discovered in a wood heap, and measured fourteen feet, nine inches in length—a carpet snake. One of the station hands shot it. I went on that night, and camped out again, travelling on in the morning until I reached the Llanhuiddol station. It was on this station that the two young Hollingsworths, from St. Kilda, perished. They had started out to go to Kynuna on their bicycles, and determined to take a short cut, against the advice of the manager, Mr. Hines. As they did not arrive at Kynuna as expected, search was made for them. The body of one was found, and the two machines, but the body of the other was never traced. The machines were still on the station, and I used part of one to repair my own, which had already begun to give me trouble. I stayed at Llanhuiddol over the Sunday, and conducted services in the drawing-room.

"Reverends" are Scarce

out-back and the meeting seemed greatly appreciated. All the hands and even the black boys mustered for divine worship. At this and all the stations, generous help was given to the Self-Denial Fund. On the Monday I got as far as the mail change, some sixty miles on the direct track for Boulia, and it was on this stage I experienced my first real troubles from thirst. Foolishly, although I had been cautioned not to, I searched up and down one or two billabongs for water. If they tell one at a station, 'Don't go looking for water in such-and-such a creek,' you may be sure it is useless. They know. And through neglecting their well-meant warnings is how men perish. I at last came to

some wet mud, in which were also some shellfish, mussels. I was both hungry and thirsty, unbearably thirsty. I sucked the mud, but for a time rejected the mussels as unpalatable, but eventually was forced to eat them, and raw. Well, I came to the mail change, where

A Good Old Irish Lady,

Mrs. O'Brien, put me up and made me comfortable. I fed well on goat's flesh and goat's milk. My hostess had a large flock of Angoras, the progeny of two she said she had started with three years before. Pointing to a mountain she told me sometimes in the morning she thought it was covered with snow, but found it was only her kids. [The—ahem!—mountains in this part of Queensland seem rather tall.—Ed.] The language generally spoken in this part of Queensland differs slightly from the Universities. A collegian might not grasp readily as a request to pass the butter, 'Hey! b'okie, dig your hooks into the zambuk.' A report that is not quite true is colloquially a 'Mulga wire,' while a good deal of out-back language won't stand printing at all.

"Resuming my travels, I passed one or two small stations, and arrived at Wyrenda Station, which I am told covers about thirteen hundred square miles. The manager, Mr. Coghlan, and his wife treated me most kindly. Next morning, after prayers, I said good-bye, and started for Boulia, which they told me I could reach in fifty miles by taking

A Short Cut,

I am off 'short-cuts' now. At one of the stations I had previously called at, I heard the men speaking of something that happened at Toolebuck, as though Toolebuck was somewhere in the next street, as it were, or a mile or two at farthest. I thought I'd go there for dinner, so asked the way. One of the station hands pointed in the direction and said, 'If you are going the short cut, you can do it in 240 miles.' I did not have dinner there. Well, I

Started For Boulia

by the short cut. Very soon I ran over some bindiadi, a little seed armed with spikes. Some have spikes that will go through a boot. These were a smaller kind, but I got my bike badly punctured. I tried to find out the punctures by putting the tires into the dust (there was no water anywhere), and then by blowing smoke into the tube, but I had to give it up, and started to walk and lead the bike. I got tired of this, and then attempted to ride with flat tires. It was very



"I was so unbearably Thirsty That I Sucked Up the Mud."

heavy work, and it took me from very early morning until late into the night to accomplish the fifty miles. When I got to Boulia I found it to be a little town, with very very few white women in it. It is mainly supported by the drovers passing through, and the hotels drive a good trade. Indeed, drinking seems to be the main industry. I stayed at the only boarding house, kept by a Mrs. Speechly, who treated me very well indeed. Living at Boulia (which you know, is in the Never Never country) is very simple—bread and beef being the main staple. Bread costs twenty-four cents a loaf, and a very little loaf at that. A great deal of the spirits sold at the hotels is manufactured on the premises—at least, I was told so, and I have heard this described as Biorama Whisky, the reason given being 'You take two nips and you see living pic-

tures.' This is the only chance, so far, the Never Never folk have of seeing living pictures of any sort. The current coin is a form of I.O.U., better known locally as

'Shin Plasters,' or 'Boulia's,' or 'Calabashes.' These, of which I received a good number for Self-Denial, are honoured by hotel and storekeepers, who give you their cheque in exchange upon their bank at Winton, and they get recouped on presentation of the I.O.U.'s, at the different stations where the drawers are employed. I held my meeting in the Court House, by permission of the sergeant of police, who asked me if he should announce it. I said I would be very glad if he would, and the next thing was to meet him down the street ringing a bell and inviting the crowd to 'Roll up!' These wild Westerners responded well. They may be rough, but I found them real good-hearted bushmen of the old type, which, I am sorry to say, in the more populated parts of Australia is gradually becoming extinct.

"At Boulia I was surprised to learn that the only doctor in the place was a lady, Dr. May Crutchfield, who resided at the post office. She had adapted herself to her queer surroundings, and at the time I was at Boulia she had half a dozen patients to look after at the little iron shanty which serves as a hospital. Dr. Crutchfield treated me very kindly, and donated \$25.00 to Self-Denial."

(To be continued.)

Israel in London.

(Continued from page 12.)

spoil the inhabitants of that country ere the erstwhile slaves left its coasts.

The Rabbi still moves amongst them, with his knowledge of the Law, a man revered by most of his followers. The Rabbis of the East End have done no small part towards making the lot of the Jew so much more comfortable and desirable that it was in the olden days. And then, also the Rabbi is invariably a scholar. His learning and wisdom have drawn upon him the admiration and respect, not only of the Jews whom he teaches, but also of many of the best Englishmen of the time. No Jewish Rabbi in England has ever been so much respected by our whole nation as has R. H. Adler, who is now the Chief Rabbi; and it is safe to say that the community of Hebrews in Whitechapel will never be able to repay him the debt they owe him for what he has done for them in many ways.

Taken in all, this colony of the people who formerly inhabited the Promised Land, but who now sojourn in the 'strange country called Britain,' is as peaceful and prosperous a colony as one need wish. Warm-hearted, generous, quiet, and industrious, they set a good example to others in whom these traits are not so conspicuous.

But that terrible dirt still remains—that fetidness which everywhere marks the lower class of Hebrews and their dwelling-places. If only Middlesex Street, Wentworth Street, and their suburbs could be purged of that the Jewish quarter of Whitechapel might be held up as a copy for several dark spots of Glasgow, Manchester, and Leeds—to say nothing of London—to emulate in many respects.

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER MARIA THOMPSON OF
ST. JOHN, N. B.

On July 26th, death visited the No. 111. Corps, St. John, N. B., and took from us one of our oldest Soldiers, Sister Maria Thompson. She suffered illness for many years, and was not able to get to the meetings, but she was a good Soldier, and died trusting God.—A. G., an old Soldier.

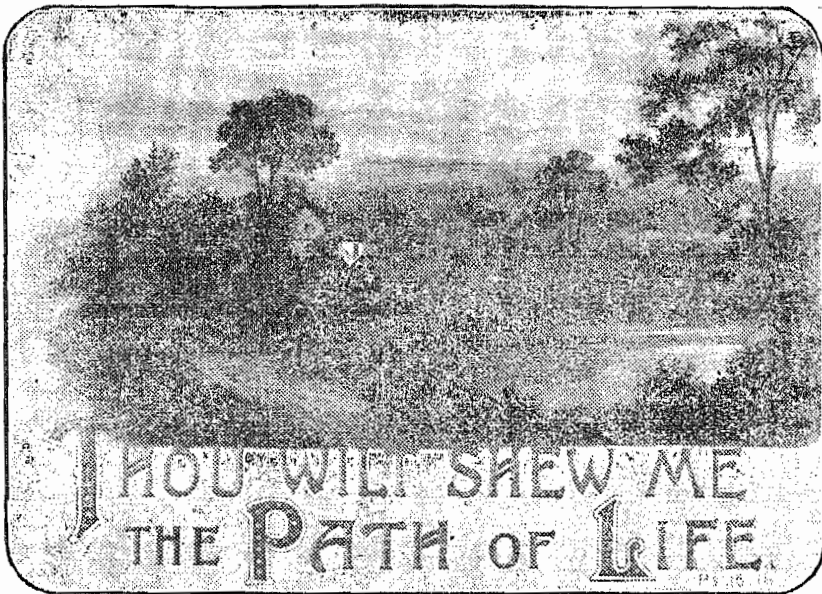
Don't use the Bible as a fetish, but as a servant to lead you to our Lord and Saviour.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Scripture Texts and Mottoes

SILENT WITNESSES.

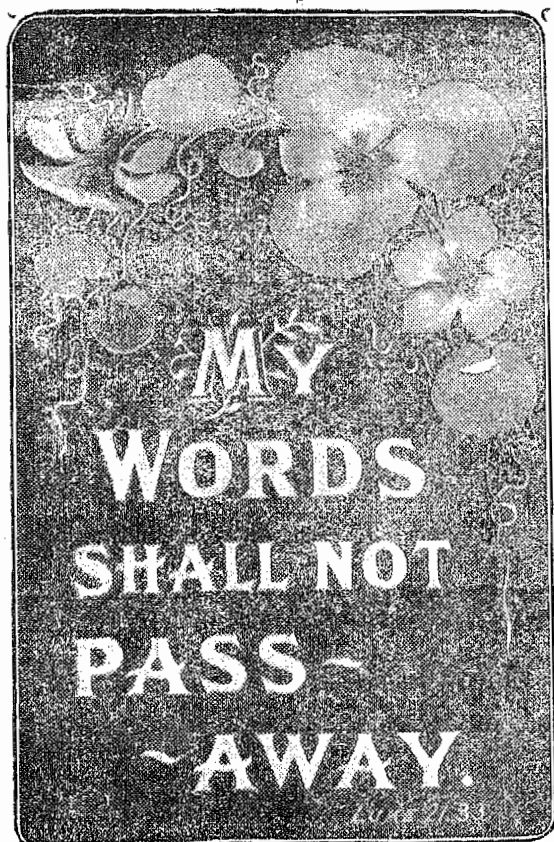
We have Just Received a New Consignment, with Many New and Unique Designs. For Beautifying the Home and Decorating Halls They are Hard to Beat.



No. 435.—RURAL HOMESTEAD.—Size 12¼ by 9; silver bevelled edges. Four fine English Landscape designs by Justus Hill, reproduced in full colours. Scripture texts blocked in silver. Texts: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" "Thou wilt shew me the path of life;" "He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him;" "Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant." Price, each.....**25c.**



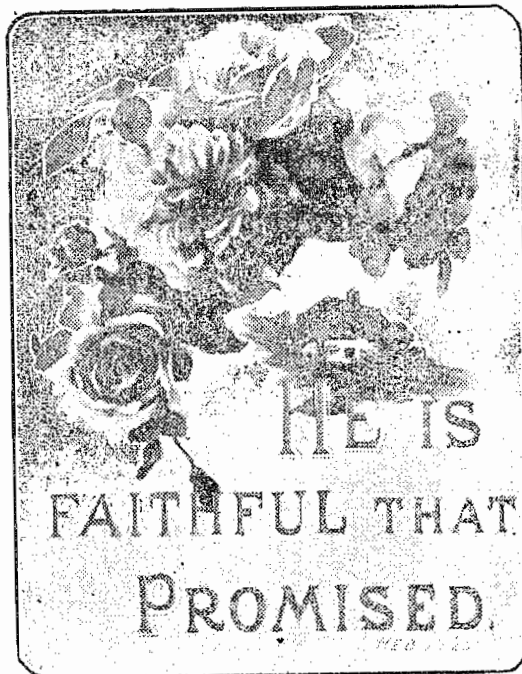
No. 436.—THY COUNSEL.—Size 12¼ by 9. Silver bevelled edges. Four fine Lake and River Scenes, with beautiful Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "The Lord shall guide thee continually;" "Thou shalt guide me with Thy Counsel;" "I will guide Thee with Mine eye;" "He will guide you into all truth." Price, each.....**25c.**



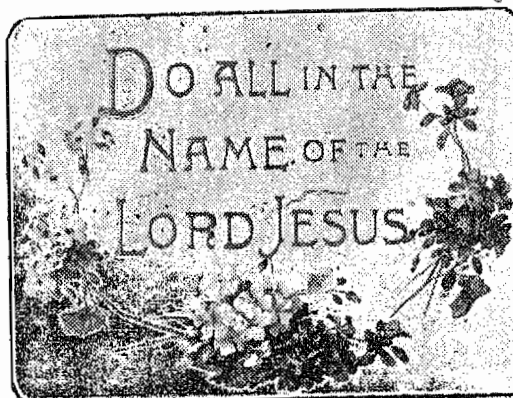
No. 454.

No. 454.—CLEMATIS SERIES.—Corded. Size 9¼ by 9¼. A new series of Texts with pretty Floral Designs. Delicately tinted. Texts in white letters. Texts: "Even Christ pleased not Himself;" "My Words shall not pass away;" "Your life is hid with Christ in God;" "As for God, His way is perfect." Price, each.....**15c.**

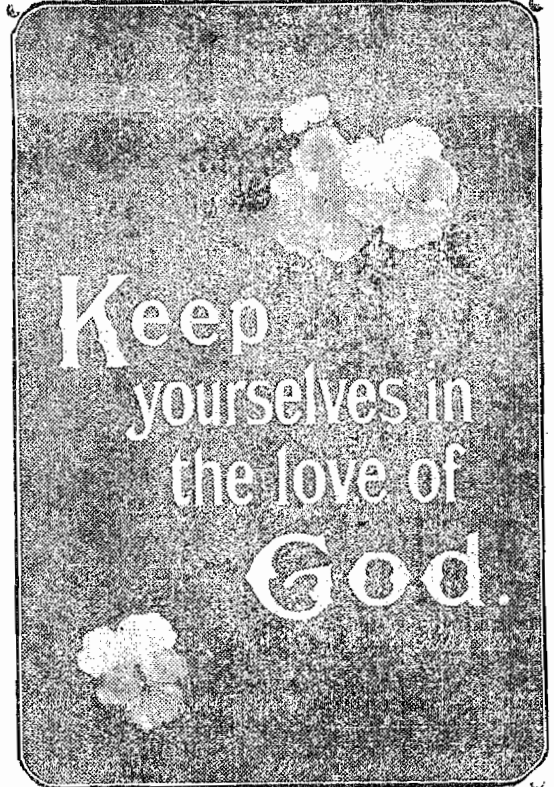
No. 440.—THE BURDEN BEARER.—Corded — Size 9¼ by 7¼. A pretty series of Floral and Landscape designs. Texts in silver. Texts: "He is faithful that promised;" "Be thou faithful unto death;" "Serve him with a perfect heart;" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Price, each.....**20c.**



No. 440.



No. 443.



No. 450.

No. 450.—PERFECT PEACE.—Size 11¼ by 7¼. Corded. An entirely new series of Text Cards on Art Boards with exquisite hand-painted designs. Selected Texts in bold white letters. Texts: "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom;" "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" "Keep yourselves in the love of God;" "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." Price, each.....**25c.**

No. 443.—CLOVER SERIES.—Size 9¼ by 6¼. Corded. A pretty series of Texts with Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "I will trust and not be afraid;" "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus;" "He is my Rock and my salvation;" "I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy." Price, each.....**15c.**

Agents Wanted.

Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women.

For Further Particulars Write

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes — A charge to keep, B.B. 66;
Silchester, B.B. 75.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Tune—He lives, 138.

2 Come, comrades dear, who love
the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus word,
In Jesus' way go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply,
Jesus will lead His Soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.

Free and Easy.

Tune—Numberless as the sands, 260.

3 When we gather at last over Jordan,
And the ransomed in Glory we see,
As the numberless sands on the sea-shore,
What a wonderful sight that will be!

Chorus.

Numberless as the sands on the sea-shore.

When we see all the saved of the ages,
Who from sorrow and trials are free,
Meeting there with a heavenly greeting—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And His glory unclouded we see,
While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

Tunes—Mary, 48; Nat'vity, B.B. 51.

4 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Salvation.

Tune—For you I am praying, B.B. 227.

5 We have a message,
A message from Jesus,
And time is now hastening,
Its moments are few;
He's seeking poor sinners.
Make haste to receive Him,
The Master is come
And He calleth for you.

Chorus.

For you He is calling,
Yes, Jesus is calling,
Is calling for you.

We have a message,
A message from Jesus,
A message of hope
To the poor, weary heart;
The love of my Saviour,
There's nothing so precious;
The friendship of Jesus
Will never depart.

A STRIKING EVENT!

THE AMERICAN National Staff Band

WILL VISIT TORONTO AS FOLLOWS:

THIRTY
SKILLED
PLAYERS

RIVERDALE (Welcome Meeting)
—Thursday, August 26th,
at 8 p.m.

THE TEMPLE, Friday, August
27th, at 8 p.m. This Splen-
did Band will give a great

THE LEADING
S.A. BAND OF
THE UNITED
STATES. . .

Musical Demonstration. Vocal and Instrumental Solos and
Selections Admission by ticket 15c; Children, 10c.
Reserved Seats (a limited number) 25c.

COLONEL PEART (Chief Secretary, U.S.A.) and COLONEL McINTYRE will accompany
the Band. COLONEL MAPP (Canada's Chief Secretary), Territorial Head-
quarters Staff and City Officers will be present.

THE COMMISSIONER

Will conduct the Marriage Ceremony of
ENSIGN DeBOW AND ENSIGN McKIM,

in

The Temple, Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8 p.m.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY will assist, supported by
Territorial Headquarters' Staff and Staff Band.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

7399. CONYERS, HUGH BURKE. Age 50; tall, thin; ruddy complexion. Four years ago was living in some part of Montreal. Wife dead, daughter would like to correspond. Please write to above office.

7400. WOOD, CHAS. Age 25; last heard of in Shawville, Ont., about three and a-half years ago. Methodist. His two brothers, Arthur and Richard, enquire.

7401. FIELD, CHAS. Married; age 55; rather short; grey hair; grey eyes; finger on left hand bent; may be in Winnipeg. News urgently wanted.

7402. LEE, CHAS. THOS. Age 28; height 5 ft., 7 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Last heard of in Toronto, December, 1908. News wanted.

7406. TINSSELL, JOHN. Missing eighteen years; last heard of in Nova Scotia. Friends enquire.

7409. SANDERS, JOHN. Age 42; dark hair; dark complexion; rather tall; tattooed on both arms; missing five years. Last known address, Adelaide Street, Toronto. News urgently wanted.

7410. BAILEY, JOHN. Age between 50 and 60; tall; fair hair, nearly bald; fair complexion; married; coachman; missing two years; was then working for a doctor in Winnipeg. Supposed to have had an accident and broken his collar bone. News wanted.

7411. ARSCOTT, GEORGE. Age 38 or 38; height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes; miner. May be known by miners as George Hasket or Ascot. Brother and father are most anxious to hear from him. Missing eleven years.

7412. JUDSON, ROBERT HENRY and ARTHUR; father and son. Boy's age 14; blue eyes; fair complexion. Last heard of in Montreal. Will Arthur please write to his mother?

7413. MOORWOOD, CHARLES. Age 53; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. May be working on a farm, or in a lumber camp. Missing since December, 1908.

Last known address was South Shields, B.C. News wanted.

7414. CREER, JOHN. Age 45; height 5 ft., 5 in.; dark hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion; ship's cook; bartender for a while. Last heard of in September, 1887. News wanted.

7415. CHALMERS, JOSEPH. Reward for present address. Last worked in foundry in Vancouver, May, '06. Father in Scotland enquires.

7414. GORDON, JAMES HENRY. Left Port Huron, Mich., in May last, and went to Tacoma, Wash., and later went to Vancouver Island, since when his friends have not heard of him. His family are most anxious for news.

7418. NORMAN, ELLIS. Disappeared from his home in Ingersoll, Ont., June 28th, 1909. Age 18 years; height 5 ft., 3½ inches; weight 112 lbs.; medium build, round featured, fair complexion, light brown hair. Wore brown coat, grey long pants, brown peak cap, and black shoes. Had been working at the printing trade for 1½ years. Reward offered for this boy's location.

7421. THOMAS, GEORGE. Age 19; height 5 ft., 7 in.; dark brown hair, brown eyes. Last heard of in Lachine, Que., May, '07. Was then working in the bridge building and engineering work. Mother most anxious for news.

7422. DUNN, ROBERT JOHN BARNETT. Age 30; height 5 ft., 9 in.; fair hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. Supposed to be working on a farm. Last heard of in Granthurst.

7423. WOODS, JAMES. Age 39; height 5 ft., 9 in.; sandy hair, grey eyes, fair complexion; two fingers off at first joint on the left hand. Last known address Kwotnay Landing, B.C. In July last was supposed to be in Montreal. May be known to Army Officers.

7425. MARROW, WILLIAM. Age 38; height 5 ft., 7 in.; fair hair, fair complexion, grey eyes, broad shoulders; carpenter. Last heard of in Victoria, B.C., November, '07. Father and sister enquire.

7428. GREEN, HARFORD. Height 5 ft., 10 in.; medium build; dark features; hair turning grey, a little bald; sometimes clean shaven; deep voice; thick, high insteps, causing slightly shuffling walk. Missing since February 23rd, '09, from Stanstead and Bishop's, Stortford, England. S. A. Officers are especially requested to keep their eyes open for this man.

Age about 40. Photograph can be had upon application to above office.

The Chief Secretary, COLONEL MAPP,

will conduct a

Wedding Ceremony in the Temple

on

Wednesday, Sept. 8th, at 8 p.m.

The Colonel Will be Accompanied by
the Territorial Headquarters Staff.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN,
(Field Secretary)

will visit

YORKVILLE.—Sunday, September 12.

MAJOR AND MRS. F. MORRIS

Accompanied by the Vancouver I.

Young People's Band,

will visit

NEW WESTMINSTER, Sunday, August 29th.

A detachment of the Senior Band will also assist.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN

will visit

LUNENBURG, August 28, 29.

LIVERPOOL, August 30, 31, and September 1.

Candidates' Campaign.

MAJOR CAMERON,

Assisted by Captain Eastwell, will
Visit the Following Corps in
the Interests of Candidates.

DRESDEN—Thursday, August 26.

CHATHAM—Friday, August 27.

WINDSOR—Saturday, Sunday, Monday August 28, 29, 30.

SARNIA—Tuesday, August 31.

PETROLIA—Wednesday, September 1.

STRATFORD—Thursday, September 2.

GALT—Friday, September 3.

GUELPH—Saturday and Sunday, September 4 and 5.

BRIGADIER ADBY

THE SINGING EVANGELIST,
will visit

OTTAWA II.—August 24 to 30.

MONTREAL II.—Sept. 7th to 14th.

MONTREAL I.—Sept. 16th to 30th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Cohourg, August 26, 27; Trenton,
August 28, 29; Campbellford, August
30, 31, September 1.
Belleville, September 2, 3; Picton,
September 4, 5; Bloomfield, Sept. 6;
Deseronto, Sept. 7, 8.
Napanea, September 9, 10; Odessa,
Sept. 11, 12; Sydenham September 13-
15.
Kingston, Sept. 16, 17; Gananoque,
Sept. 18-20; Brockville, Sept. 21-23.

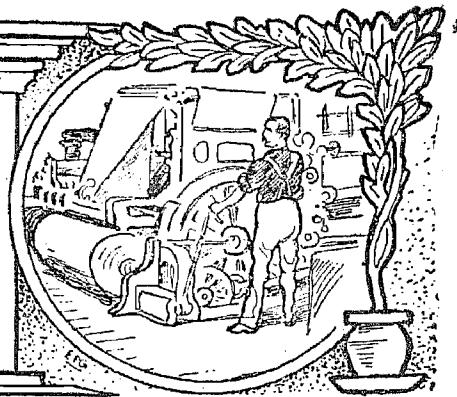
Captain Backus—Eastern Province—
St. John, August 26; North Head,
Aug. 27-29; St. John, Aug. 30; Carleton,
Aug. 31; St. John V., Sept. 1.
St. John II., September 2; St. John,
III., September 7; St. John I., 9; Fairville, Sept. 10.

Captain Lloyd—West Ont. Prov.—
Sault Ste. Marie, August 25-27;
Owen Sound, Aug. 28-30; Chesley,
Aug. 31, September 1.
Owen Sound, September 2; Fever-
sham, Sept. 3.

Capt. Gilkinson—Eastern Prov.—
Port Morien, August 26; Louisburg,
Aug. 27; Glace Bay, Aug. 28-30; Sydney, Aug. 31, September 1.
Sydney Mines, September 2; Florence, Sept. 3; North Sydney, Sept. 4-6; Port Tupper, Sept. 7; Stellarton, Sept. 8.
Westville, September 9-10; Charlottetown, Sept. 11-13.



Cutlets from Contemporaries.



Trouble.

Not a Bane, but a Blessing.

Trouble is our great teacher. It nerves us with strength, it gives us courage, it tempers our metal, it develops our self-control, it quickens our incentive powers, it drives us to God. The word "tribulation" is derived from the ancient word "tribulum." A "tribulum" was an old-time thrashing instrument for separating wheat from chaff. And if we will, dear comrade, trouble or tribulation can be used of God for separating or purging us from the world and its inclinations. As Paul says: "Tribulation, persecution, famine, nakedness, danger, sword, nothing shall separate us from Christ"; but it will separate us from Him, and loose us from earthly refuges. Trouble is to us what the winds are to the oak; what labour is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great teachers. Troubles are not to be courted, but when they come we must in God's strength bear them with fortitude. Look the world in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns and overcome it with the courage of a true Salvation Soldier in life's great campaign; stoutly contend for the victory, remembering that you are "encompassed about with a cloud of witnesses."—*Australian Cry.*

It's the Biggest Clock.

So the Yankees Say.

The tower on the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, New York City, will be ready soon to have the clock installed in it. The clock will be the largest in the world. The hands of this clock are being tested on the building of a clock company at Grand and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn.

They are so large that in making a revolution they pass three stories of the building, and when one of them is passing a window, the light is completely shut off, making the room within so dark that the employees are forced to quit work. The hands are made of manganese and bronze, and are of bridge truss construction. They weigh close to 1,800 pounds. The minute hand from the centre pin to the tip is 14 feet, and this combined with the counterpoise of six

feet, makes the hand twenty feet long. The hour hand, of course, is much smaller, being 11 feet long. When the hands are placed in the tower of the Metropolitan Life building they will have a wire glass covering that will admit illumination. In each hand are placed 24-inch electrical tubes, in pairs. The clock will be 400 feet from the level of the ground, and when the hands are illuminated by electricity, it is said that they can be seen thirty miles away on a clear night. Other features of the Metropolitan clock will be a thousand-pound bell with a hammer weighing over a hundred pounds. There will be four other small bells to strike the Westminster chimes. The clocks will be operated by electricity. The hands have taken four months to make.—*American Young Soldier.*

New Bedford's Early Days.

The Story of a Drunkard's Conversion.

One of the first human wrecks that the Salvation Army got hold of in this city and helped to regenerate was about as pitiable a looking object as one would ever find, when he came into the Army meeting. As he told the story afterward, he had gone home that afternoon to work off the effects of a good-sized "drunk." So that when he got himself together again, he would not go out for more, his wife had taken away his hat and hid it, but that did not hinder him in his search for something to quench his appetite. He found her headwear—a large affair with roses on each side—and with this on his head he sauntered forth. In the course of his travels he had been thrown or dropped into the muddy gutter, and got a good coating of mud. Later, he had entered a bar-room and had somehow managed to roll around on the floor in such a way that his clothing was covered with a layer of sawdust on top of its coating of ooze.

It was such a looking object as this that entered the Salvation Army room that evening as the service was being held. When the time for testimonies came around, he saw one of his old friends get up on his feet and give his testimony as to the power of religion.

"Say, Boh," said the newcomer, "are you sure you are telling it straight?"

the Praying League

Special Prayer: "Oh Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, and especially need Thy grace and presence at this time."

Sunday, August 29th.—Warnings Unheeded. 1 Kings xi. 1-34; xiv. 1-4. Monday, August 13th.—God Can See. 1 Kings xiv. 5-20.

Tuesday, August 31st.—Multiplying Wickedness. 1 Kings xiv. 21-31; xv. 2-8.

Wednesday, September 1st.—Wrong Set Right. 2 Chron. xiv. 2-13; xv. 1-8.

Thursday, September 2nd.—Trusted Wrongly. 2 Chron. xvi. 1-14; xvi. 1-6.

Friday, September 3rd.—Bad to Worse. 1 Kings xv. 25-34; xvi. 6-33.

Saturday, September 4th.—Sounding the Alarm. 1 Kings xvii. 1-16.

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THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.
There are many mysteries in the

Christian religion. We believe much about the infinite; we cannot understand with the finite mind.

One of the great fundamentals is our belief in the immortality of the soul. Much has been written upon this subject in all ages.

The old philosophers—Plato and others—had great confidence in the continuance of this life in the hereafter, and their thoughts on this line should be stimulating to our faith. But I think one of the most sublime utterances is recorded by the pen of a more modern writer—Victor Hugo. The thought he expresses has been more helpful to me than any I have read in my studies along this line. I kept the paragraph in my bible for years, and will quote from it here, as it may be inspiring to some of the readers of this Department. He says: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and knottier than ever. I am rising I know toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with reflections of unknown

"You bet I am," said the man addressed; "it's just what I say."

"Well, then, I guess I'll give it a chance with me," the drunkard replied, and he went forward to the penitent-form.—*American Cry.*

Pharaoh's Body

Still to be Seen at Cairo.

The ancient habit of embalming the dead so as to make the corpse practically imperishable, has already yielded discoveries of thrilling interest. In the famous Boulak Museum, at Cairo, for example, the most wonderful thing is the chamber of the mummies. Here they lie in their coffins, a mighty circle of dead Pharaohs, the conquerors, tyrants, and builders of the old world. Here is Seti I., who may have been the Pharaoh whose daughter drew Moses out of the river. Here is Ramesses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, in whose hard and cruel face Moses must often have looked. The bodies are hardened into the consistency of wood, but every feature is perfect; hair and nails, etc., are undestroyed. The faces are not of the Coptic type; they are thin, intellectual, aquiline, with the characters of race still written upon them.

Their wives and priests lie about them, and these mighty Pharaohs are simply bodies to be stared at. The tourists can look on the face of a dead king who was not only the master of life and death to millions nearly four thousand years ago, but who fills a place in the pages of the Bible. If Machpelah is explored, what discoveries are not possible! Of the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Jacob are embalmed, they will be found unchanged, after the passage of forty centuries. The body of Joseph lies in that cave, and it was certainly embalmed and will be as imperishable as that of Seti I. or Ramesses II.—*New Zealand Cry.*

Unbelief.

False Notions of Some Persons.

Unbelief, or, at least, profession of unbelief, is very often nothing but a manifestation of that quality which

is not that a beautiful thought—a thought which meets a response in all our hearts. I will give a brief excerpt from Cato, on Immortality, which is rich in confidence and faith:—"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well! Else when this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror, Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul, Back on herself, and starts at destruction? 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us, 'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter, And intimates eternity to man. The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and Nature shrink in years; But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt, amid the war of elements, The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

has wrought so much ruin upon earth—pride.

The young man thinks it will make people consider him a cut above the ordinary in intellect if he talks largely of doubting religion; he may even think himself that he is if he does so. He gets hold of somebody's pronouncements, the more high-sounding the phraseology in which they are expressed the better, because the circle in which he moves will be less likely to know what he is talking about, and to ask him awkward questions concerning them, if not thereby the more impressed. Thus equipped, he poses as a free and independent thinker, who could put the universe right if he had the chance.

Such persons are the least likely to be affected by argument. Their minds are closer to it. They have taken in all the philosophy they want—or have room for—and the question of change of opinion is a closed one for the time being. Their condition is not open to remedy by way of attacking their so-called "views"; the only hope is to humble the pride which is behind, to reach the heart with conviction of sin, or the mind with a sense of helplessness, which latter is seen to be effectively enough done when any calamity overtakes, or threatens to overtake, them.—*South African Cry.*

There is a sufficient recompense in the very consciousness of a noble deed.—*Cicero.*

WANTED FOR THE KING'S SERVICE

Young Men and Women.

A number of consecrated young men and women are wanted for the next Session of Training, which commences September 16th. If you have not yet sent in your Application for Officership, do it to-day. Write your D.O., P.O., or to
LIEUT. COLONEL SOUTHALL,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

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